

ALL NEW



CHEYENNE KID

CHEYENNE KID

NO. 92
SEPT.
CDC

ONLY
20¢

TWO BIG STORIES IN THIS ISSUE
3 FOR THE MONEY!
THE RESCUER



Sambo Kim

CHEYENNE KID



D-2967

3 FOR THE MONEY!

WATCH IT,
I GO...

OOOFFF!

YOU THREE
BUSHWHACKERS GOT A
LOT TO LEARN!

THE THREE
DUST-COVERED
GUNFIGHTERS
HAD BEEN
ON THE TRAIL
OF THE
CHEYENNE KID
FOR WEEKS...
DEVLIN,
PECOS, AND
ALVAREZ
PLANNED TO
MERCILESSLY
GUN HIM DOWN
AND THEN
DIVIDE THE
\$10,000 BLOOD
MONEY
ESTER BLEER
HAD PROMISED
HE'D PAY TO
THE MEN
WHO'D KILL THE
FRONTIER SCOUT!
NOW, THEY HAD
HIM CORNERED...
BUT CORNERING
THE
CHEYENNE KID
WAS A
LOT LIKE
GRABBING A
TIGER BY THE TAIL

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nomscans



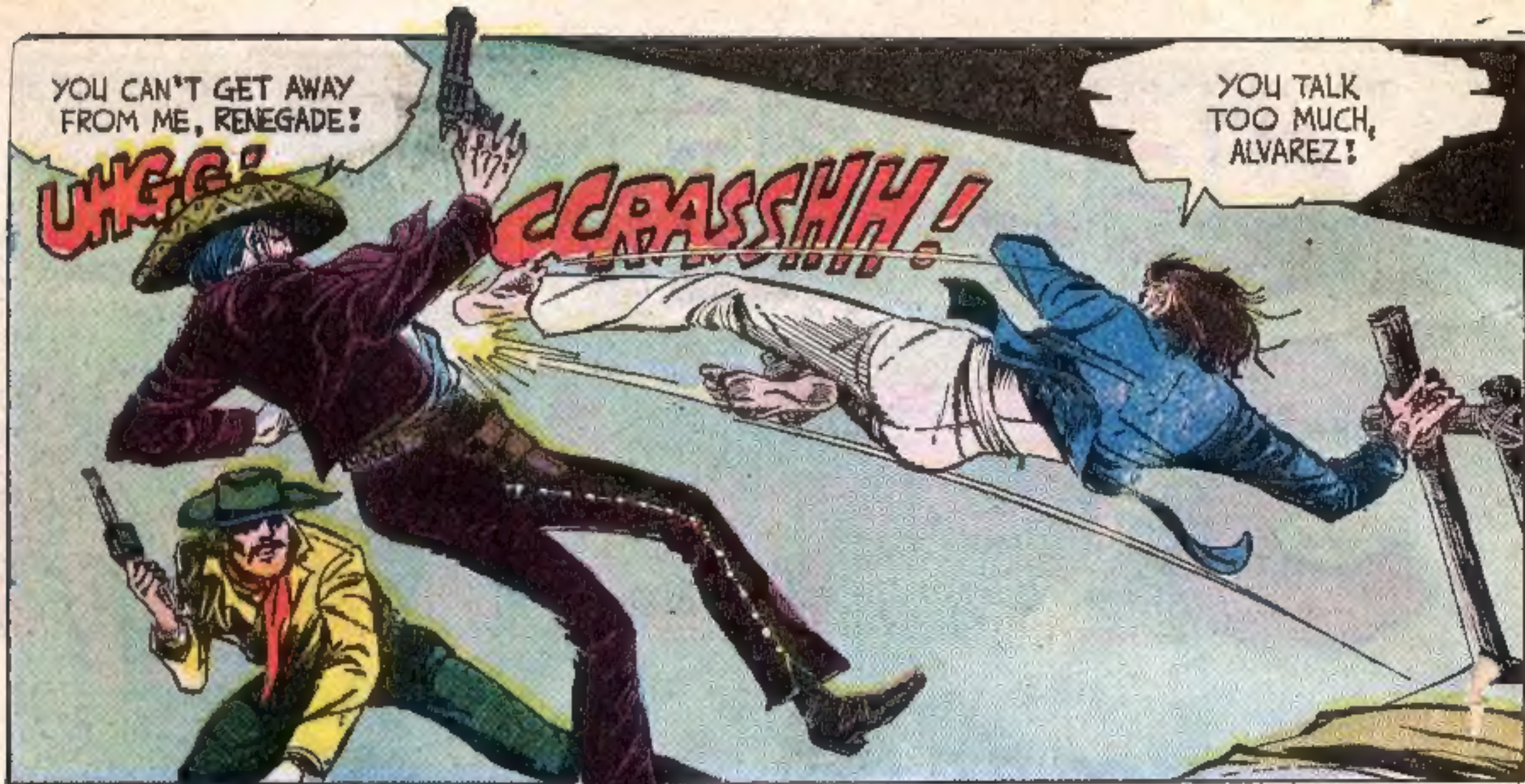
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YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME, RENEGADE!

UHG!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, ALVAREZ!

CRASSHH!



SOMEBODY GET 'EM. WH-WHAT YA WAITING FOR.

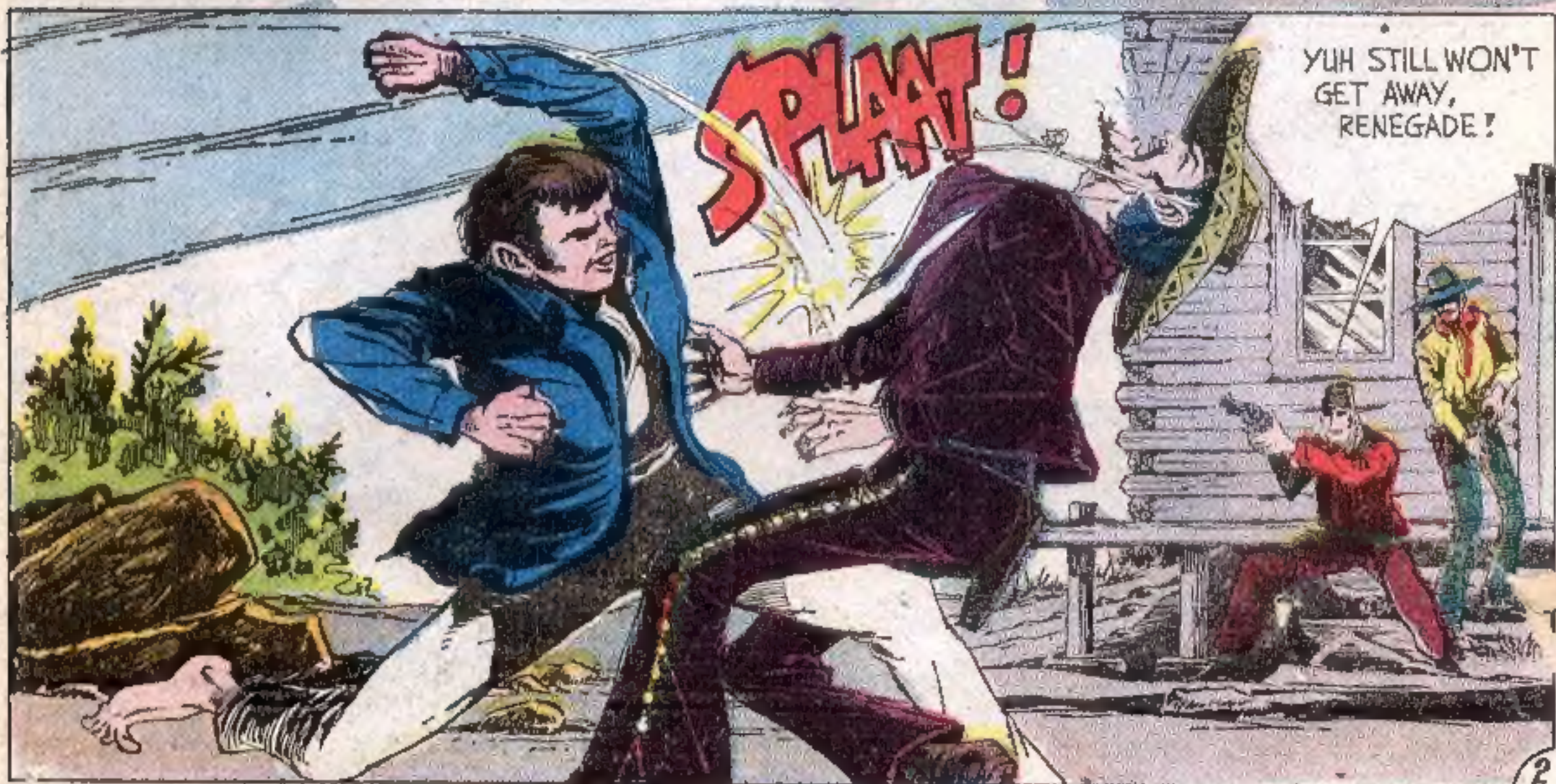


I TOL' YOU I WOULD DO EET, ALVAREZ! NOW, I....



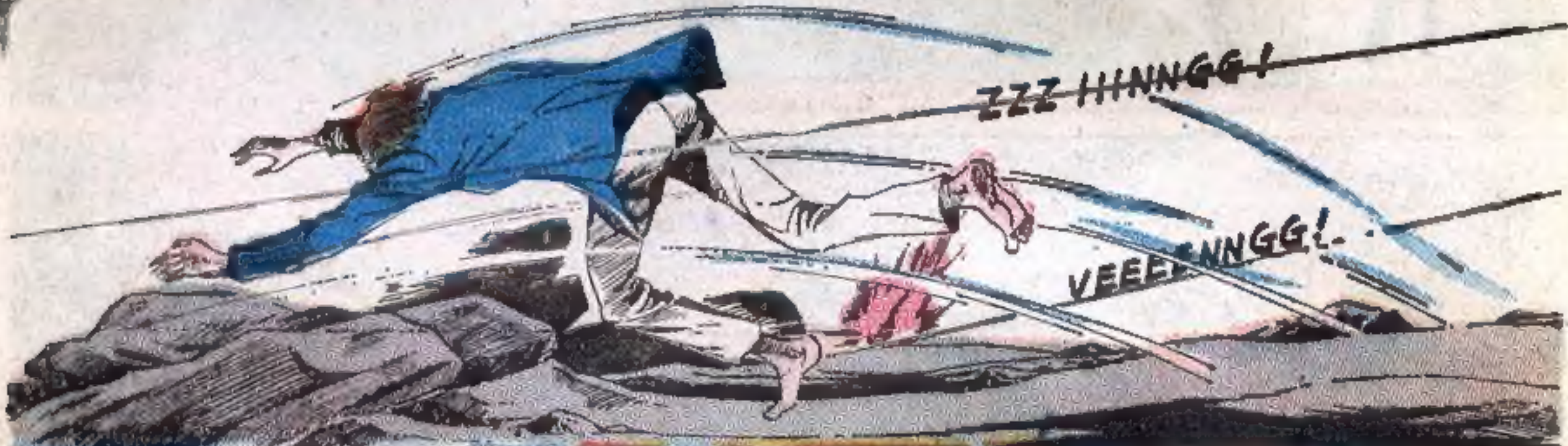
SPLAT!

YUH STILL WON'T GET AWAY, RENEGADE!



TAKE YORE TIME, PECOS.....
MAKE SURE OF
HIM THIS TIME!

WE CAN'T MISS!
HE'S GOT
NOPLACE
TUH HIDE!



DID YUH
GET HIM?

WHERE'D HE GO?

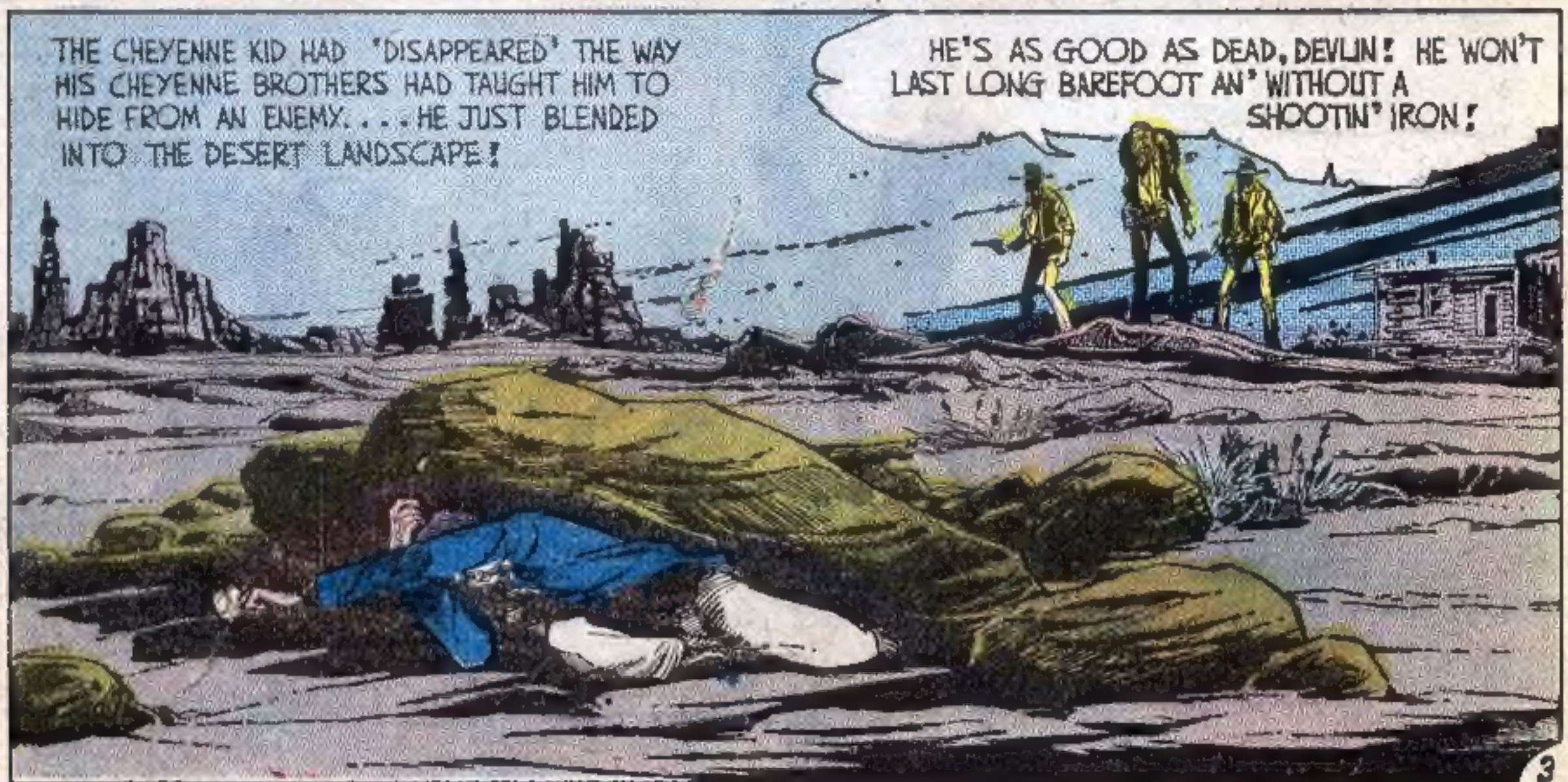
I DUNNO...

... HE JUST
DISAPPEARED!

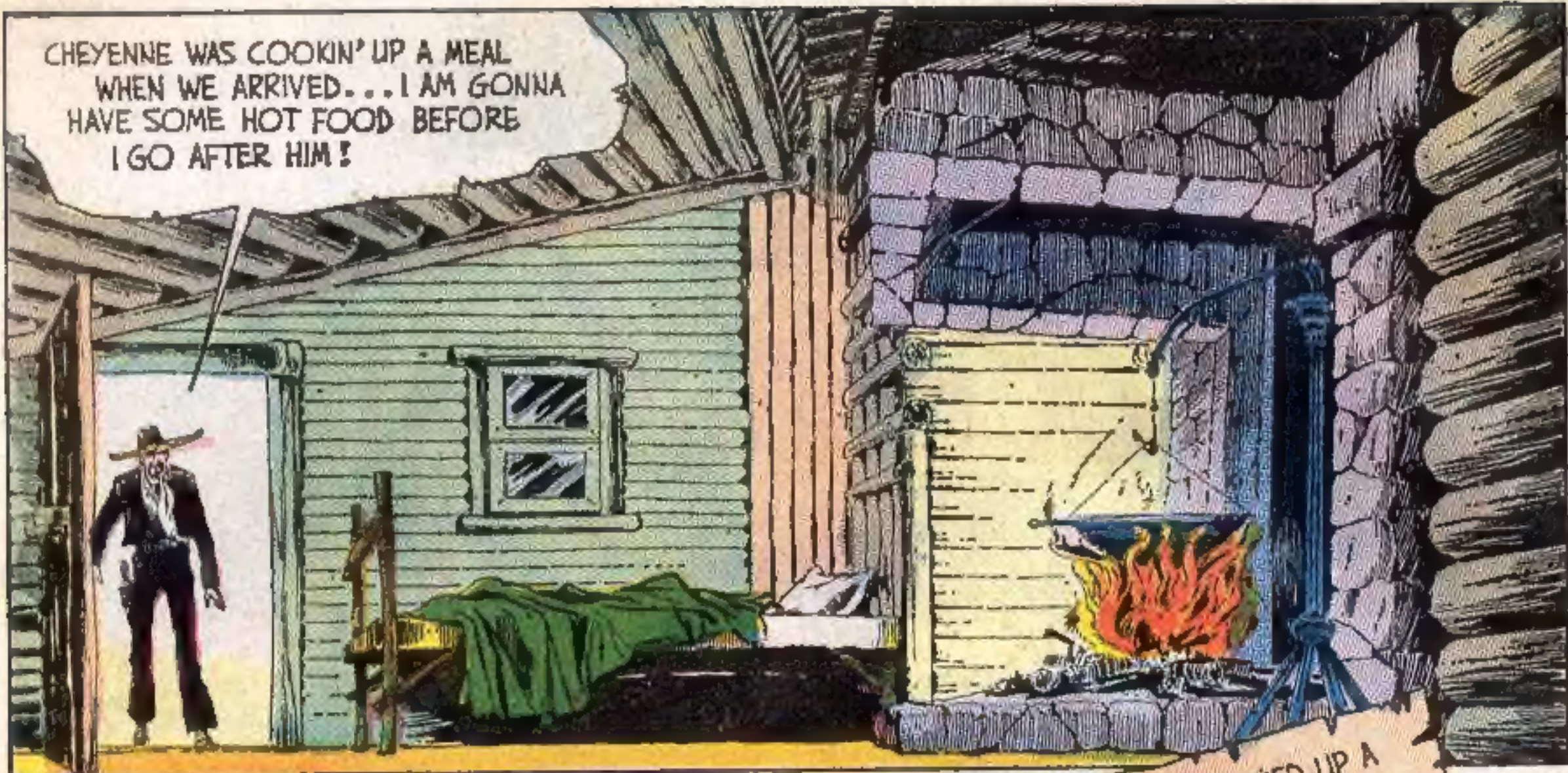


THE CHEYENNE KID HAD "DISAPPEARED" THE WAY
HIS CHEYENNE BROTHERS HAD TAUGHT HIM TO
HIDE FROM AN ENEMY. ... HE JUST BLENDED
INTO THE DESERT LANDSCAPE!

HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD, DEVLIN! HE WON'T
LAST LONG BAREFOOT AN' WITHOUT A
SHOOTIN' IRON!



CHEYENNE WAS COOKIN' UP A MEAL
WHEN WE ARRIVED... I AM GONNA
HAVE SOME HOT FOOD BEFORE
I GO AFTER HIM!



WE OUGHTA GIT ON
OUR BRONCS AN' GO AFTER
HIM RIGHT NOW, ALVAREZ!

WE WILL, PECOS...
AS SOON AS I EAT
HIS GRUB!

BUT THE CHEYENNE KID HAD COOKED UP A
SUBSTANTIAL SNACK.... HE DROPPED A
RITTLESNAKE DOWN THE CHIMNEY!



I MAKE CHEYENNE PAY
FOR THEES, DEVLIN!

COME ON....
HE'S ON FOOT TOO....
WE'LL TRACK HIM
DOWN!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

I COULD'VE TAKEN ONE OF THE HORSES AND GOTTEN AWAY.... BUT THEY'D TRACK ME DOWN SOONER OR LATER... I'D...



I'D.....I'D SOONER PICK THE TIME AND PLACE FOR THE SHOWDOWN!



THEY HAD CANTEENS... ALVAREZ WARNED THEM...

TAKE ONLY A MOUTHFUL, HOMBRE! THE WATER MUS' LAST MANY DAYS MAYBE!

NOTHIN' OUT IN THE DIRECTION HE'S GOIN' BUT DESERT... NO WATER... NO TOWN... NOTHIN'!

YEAH, YEAH, ALVAREZ!



MEANWHILE, IN SAN MIGUEL THE WHISKEY-TRADING, GUN-RUNNING MILLIONAIRE NAMED LESTER BLEER AWAITED NEWS OF THE CHEYENNE KID'S DEATH....

DEVLIN, ALVAREZ, AND PECOS WILL NAIL HIM, MR. BLEER!. JUST HAVE THE \$10,000 READY WHEN THEY GET BACK!

THE CHEYENNE KID KEEPS INTERFERING WITH MY SHIPMENTS OF RED-EYE WHISKEY AND ILLEGAL FIREARMS! THEY'D BETTER NOT FAIL!



ON THE DESERT, IT WAS GETTING LATE....
BUT THE TRAIL LEFT BY THE CHEYENNE KID
WAS EASY TO READ....

THEY'LL CRAWL UP
ON ME IN THE DARK...
THIS TIME THEY'LL
WANT TO BE SURE!

THERE HE
EES!

HE DOESN'T KNOW
WE'RE HERE! KEEP LOW....
WE'LL TAKE HIM WHEN IT
GETS DARK!



SSSHHH....
THERE HE IS... SLEEPIN'!
NEAR THE FIRE!

OUCH!
SOMETHIN'
BIT ME!



IT FEELS LIKE
HOT KNIVES!

WE ARE IN FIRE
ANT NESTS....
CHEYENNE PLANNED
IT THEES WAY!

AAAAAGGGGHHHH!
THEY'RE
ALL OVER ME!

I KNEW THEY'D
TRY TO CRAWL UP ON
ME... THEY'LL HAVE
- FIRE ANTS ALL OVER...
THEY'LL HAVE TO
TAKE THEIR CLOTHES
OFF!



THE DANGED CRITTERS
ARE EVEN DOWN IN MY
BOOTS!

TAKE EVERYTHING OFF!
SHAKE 'EM OUT, THEN GIT
DRESSED AGAIN!

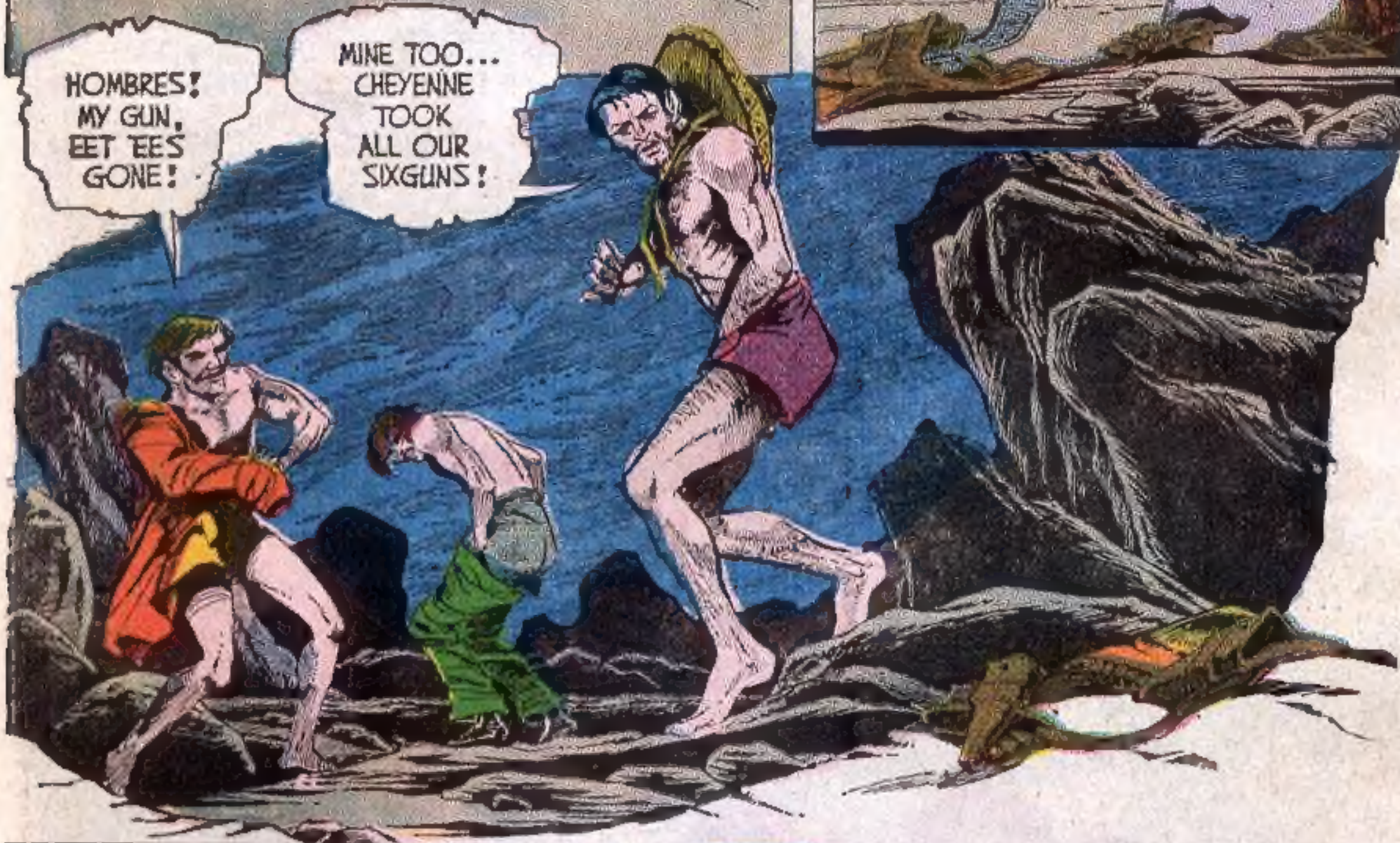


I'LL FIX THAT DOUBLE-DEALIN' INJUN
RENEGADE FOR THIS!



HOMBRES!
MY GUN,
EET 'EES
GONE!

MINE TOO...
CHEYENNE
TOOK
ALL OUR
SIXGUNS!



NONE OF US ARE ARMED, HOMBRES!
YOU'VE GOT ME THREE TO ONE... ALL
YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND ME!

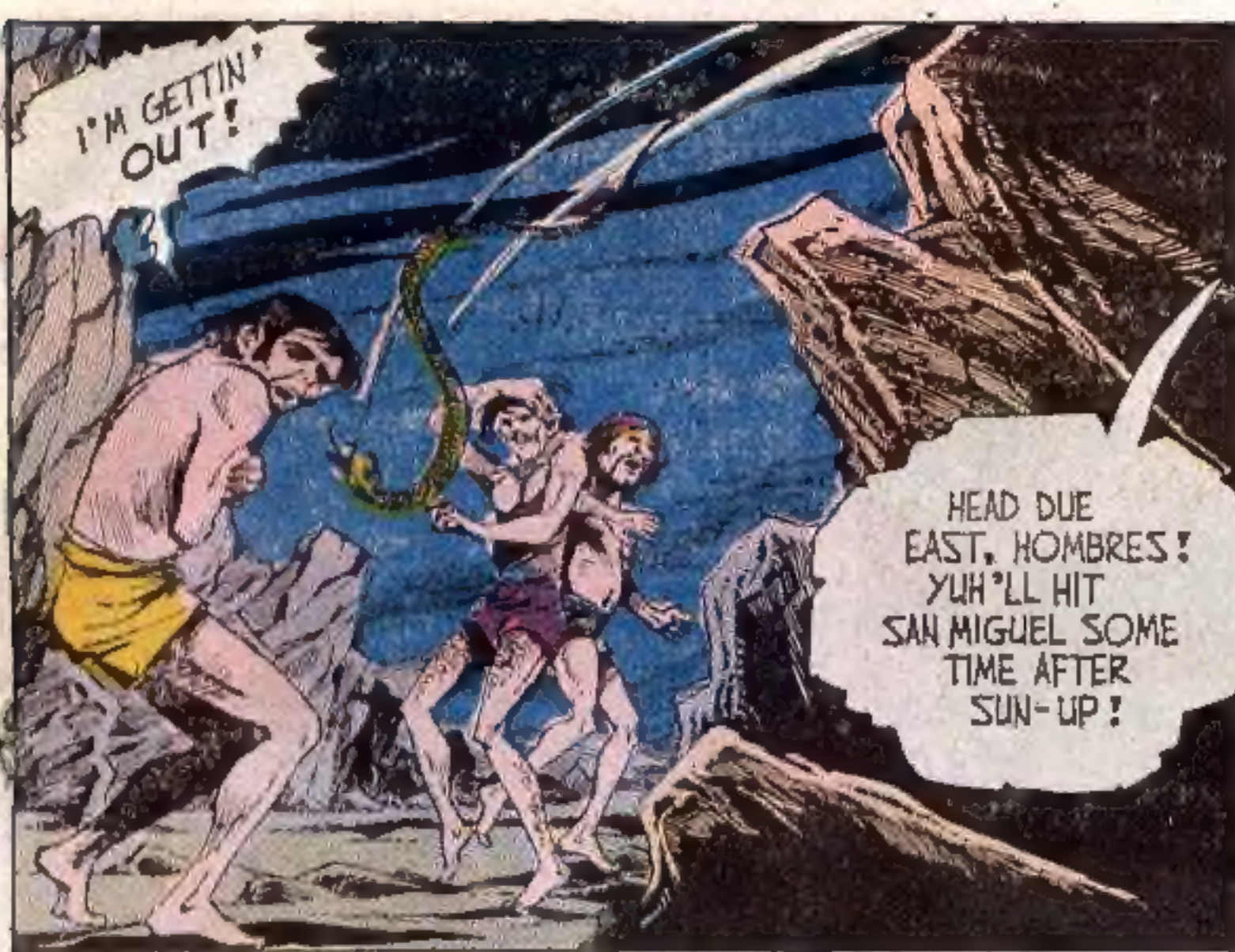
DON'T GO AFTER HIM,
PECOS! WE'RE SAFE IF
WE STICK TOGETHER!

HE 'EES A
DEVIL!
WE STAY HERE
TILL DAYLIGHT!
NOTHEENG CAN
MAKE ME
MOVE
FROM HERE!



THIS IS A NICE-SIZED
SIDEWINDER! IT OUGHT
TO DO THE TRICK!





I'M GETTIN' OUT!

HEAD DUE EAST, HOMBRES!
YUH'LL HIT SAN MIGUEL SOME TIME AFTER SUN-UP!

THEIR CANTEENS WERE GONE (THE CHEYENNE KID HAD **PLENTY** OF WATER) AND THEY WERE THIRSTY AND FOOTSORE AT DAWN...



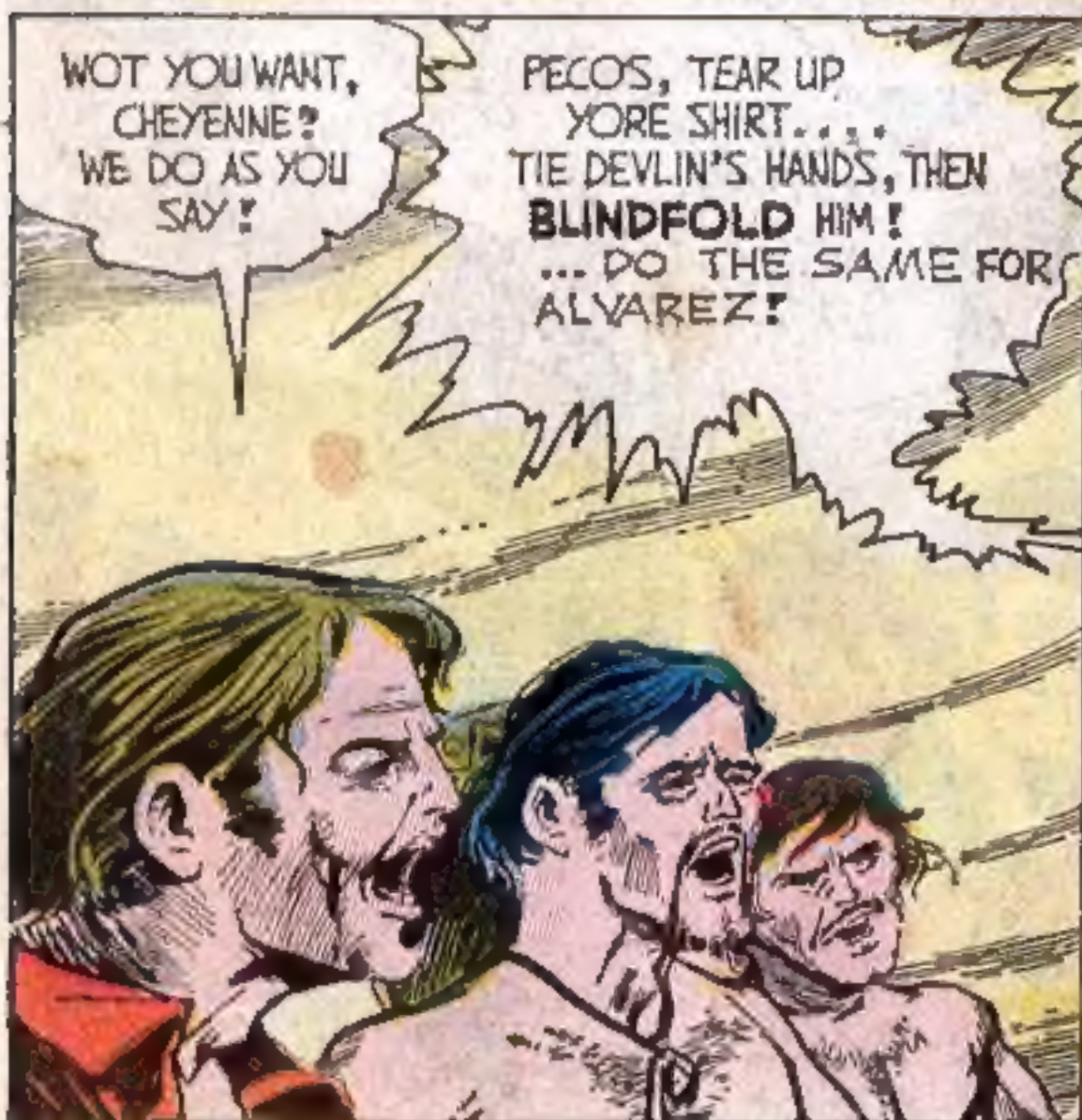
WE'LL GIT FRESH BRONCS, RIFLES, AN' COME BACK FOR HIM, PECOS! WE'LL STILL SPEND LESTER BLEER'S BLOOD MONEY!



AN ARROW! WHERE'D HE FIND A BOW AN' ARROW!

HE MAKE EET, DEVLIN: NOW, HE KILL US AS HE PLEASES!

THUNK!



WOT YOU WANT, CHEYENNE? WE DO AS YOU SAY!

PECOS, TEAR UP YORE SHIRT... TIE DEVLIN'S HANDS, THEN **BLINDFOLD HIM!** ... DO THE SAME FOR ALVAREZ!



SOON AS HE GETS CLOSE, PECOS TAKE HIM!

I AM NO FOOL, CHEYENNE! I DO NOTHEENG **ESTUPIDO!**

IN SAN MIGUEL,
LESTER BLEER
WAS WAITING
WORD FROM
HIS HIRED
KILLERS....
WITH JOHNNY ACE,
HIS
PERSONAL
BODYGUARD
AND KILLER!

THEY'LL COME DOWN
THAT HILL, JOHNNY...
I EXPECT THEM BACK
AT ANY MINUTE!

THERE'S SOMEONE...
ON FOOT!

THERE'S PECOS...



THE CHEYENNE KID DELIVERED LESTER BLEER'S GUNMEN... WITH THE
TOWN LAUGHING AT THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS HIRED KILLERS!



KILL HIM,
YOU IDIOT!

JOHNNY ACE IS TOO SMART TO MURDER ANYONE
WITH ALL THESE WITNESSES, BLEER! HE'D RATHER
TAKE ME SOMEPLACE **QUIET** TUH
DO THE JOB!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHEYENNE...
BACK INSIDE THE BARN...I'LL
DO IT QUICK AN' EASY!

I KNEW YOU WEREN'T GONNA
DO IT HERE, JOHNNY....

... BECAUSE YUH DIDN'T
COCK THE GUN!

GOT YOU, ACE!

CRACK!

CRACK!

YUH'RE NOT RUNNIN'
OUT THIS TIME,
BLEER!

LESTER BLEER'S GUNSLINGERS BLABBED ALL THEY KNEW...
ACE, THREATENED WITH AN ATTEMPTED MURDER RAP
TEST, FIED... AND THE CHEYENNE KID SAW LESTER
BLEER GIVEN A LONG PRISON SENTENCE!

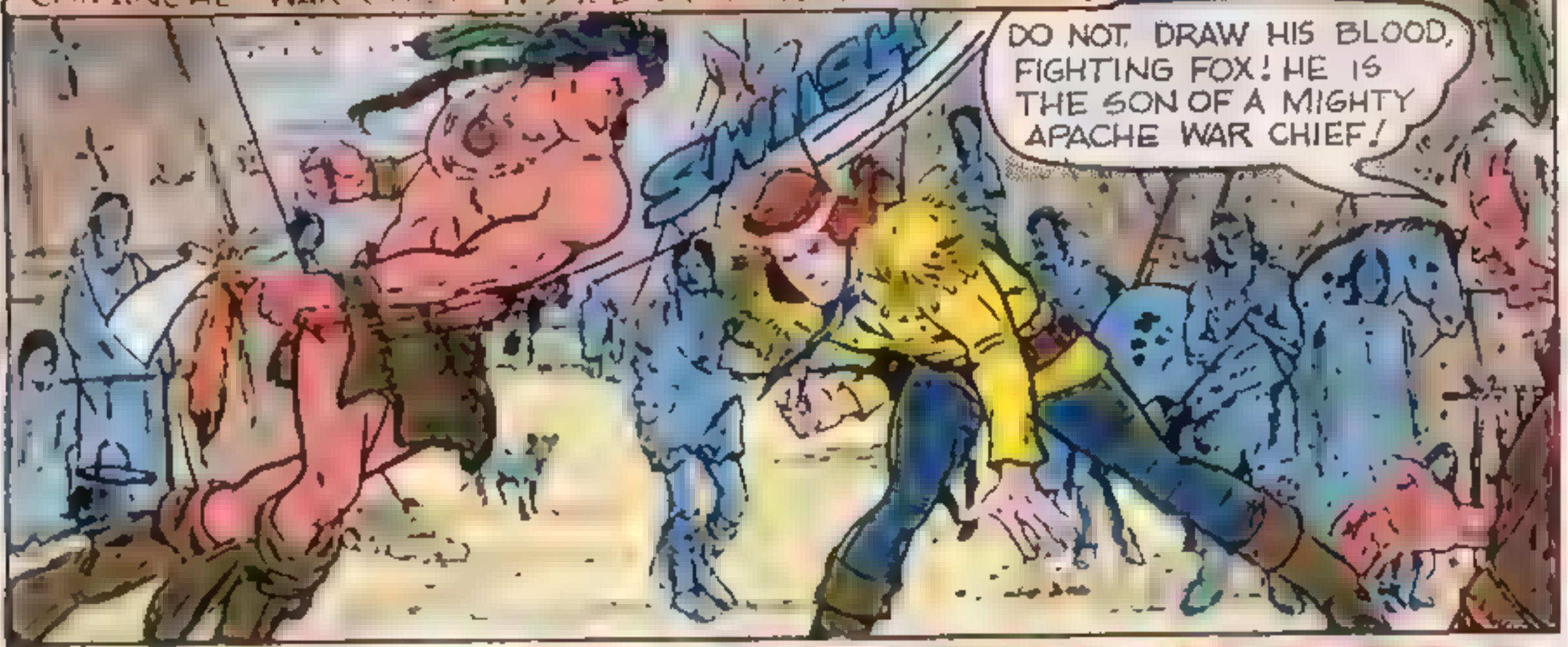
GOOD MAN, CHEYENNE!
BLEER BAD, KEEP
INDIANS FIGHTING
ALL THE
TIME!

BLEER'S TROUBLE WAS,
HE PUT TOO MUCH FAITH
IN HIRED GUNS... IN THE
DESERT, A WISE MAN IS
NEVER WITHOUT
WEAPONS!

FEBR 2 1971. BY SANHO KIM
THE END

APACHE RED

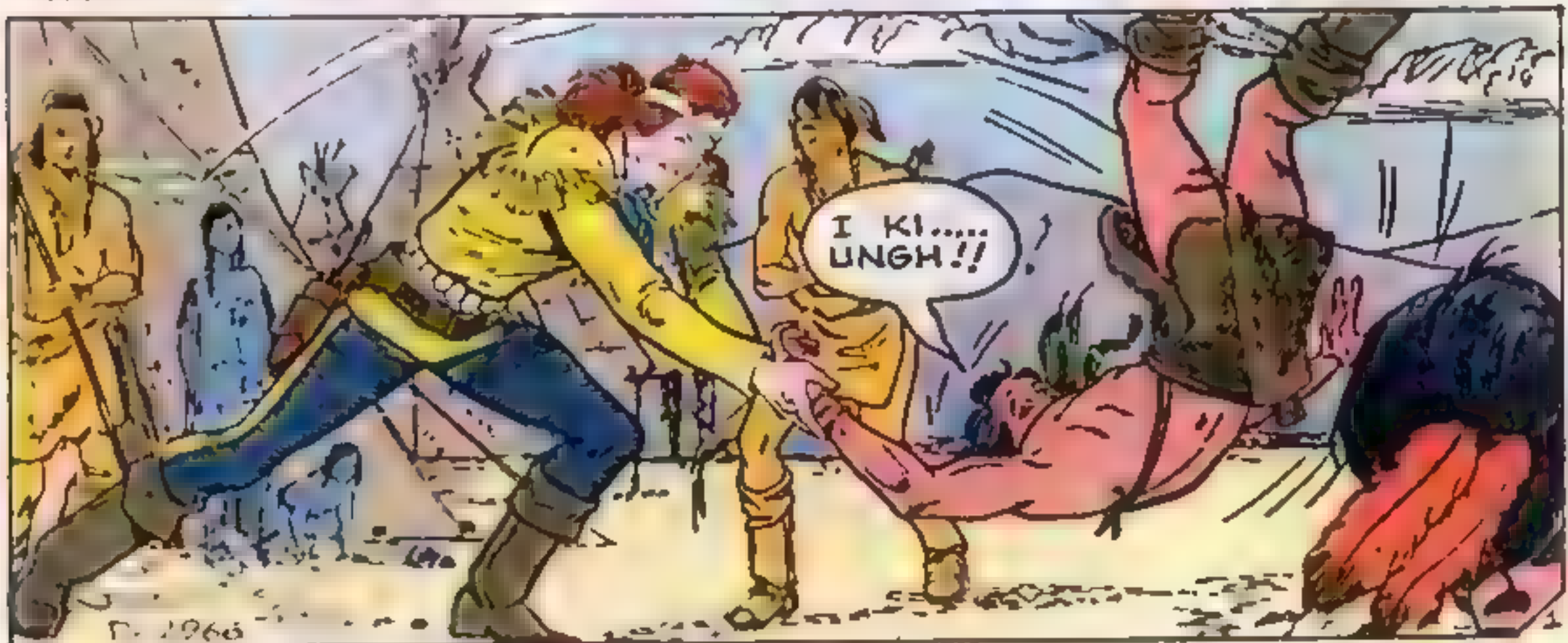
WHEN HE RODE INTO THE INDIAN VILLAGE, APACHE RED WANTED ONLY A HOT MEAL, SOME KIND WORDS AND A PLACE TO SLEEP....BUT FIGHTING FOX THE COMANCHE WAR CHIEF DIDN'T HAVE IT THAT WAY!



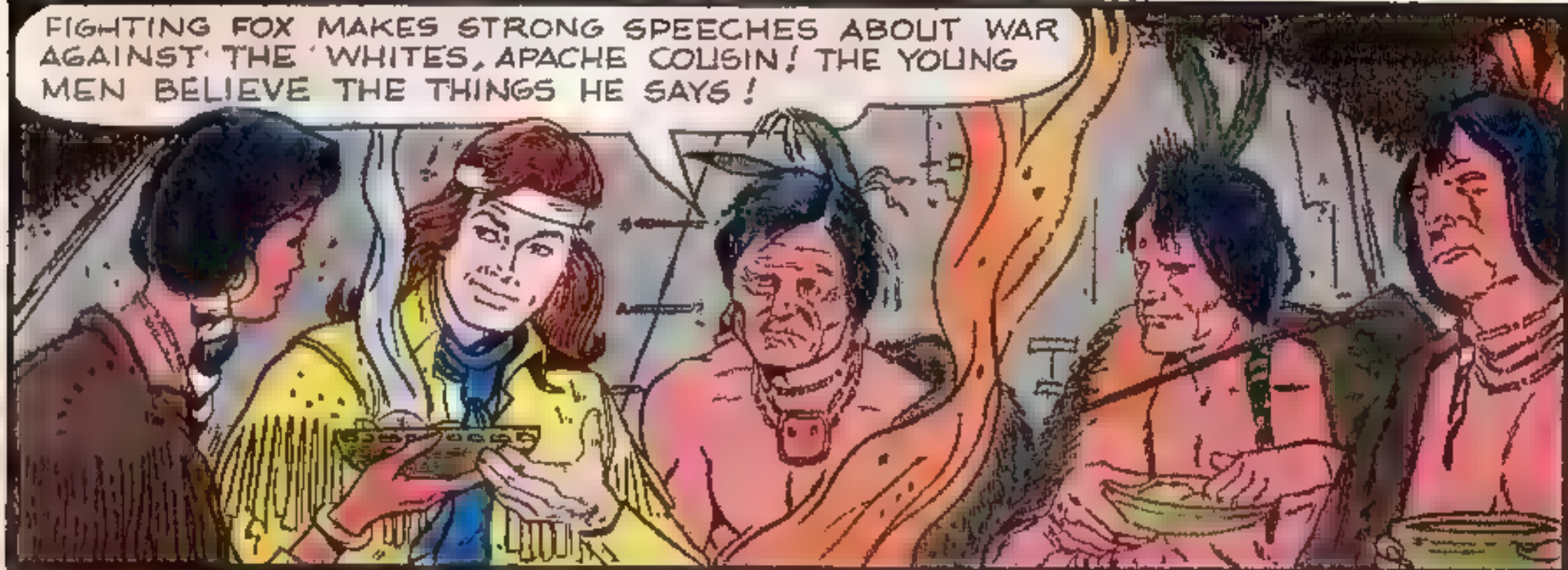
THE FURY OF FIGHTING FOX



THE HALF-APACHE, HALF-IRISH LAD THEY CALLED APACHE RED USED A TRICK HIS IRISH MOTHER HAD TAUGHT HIM AND



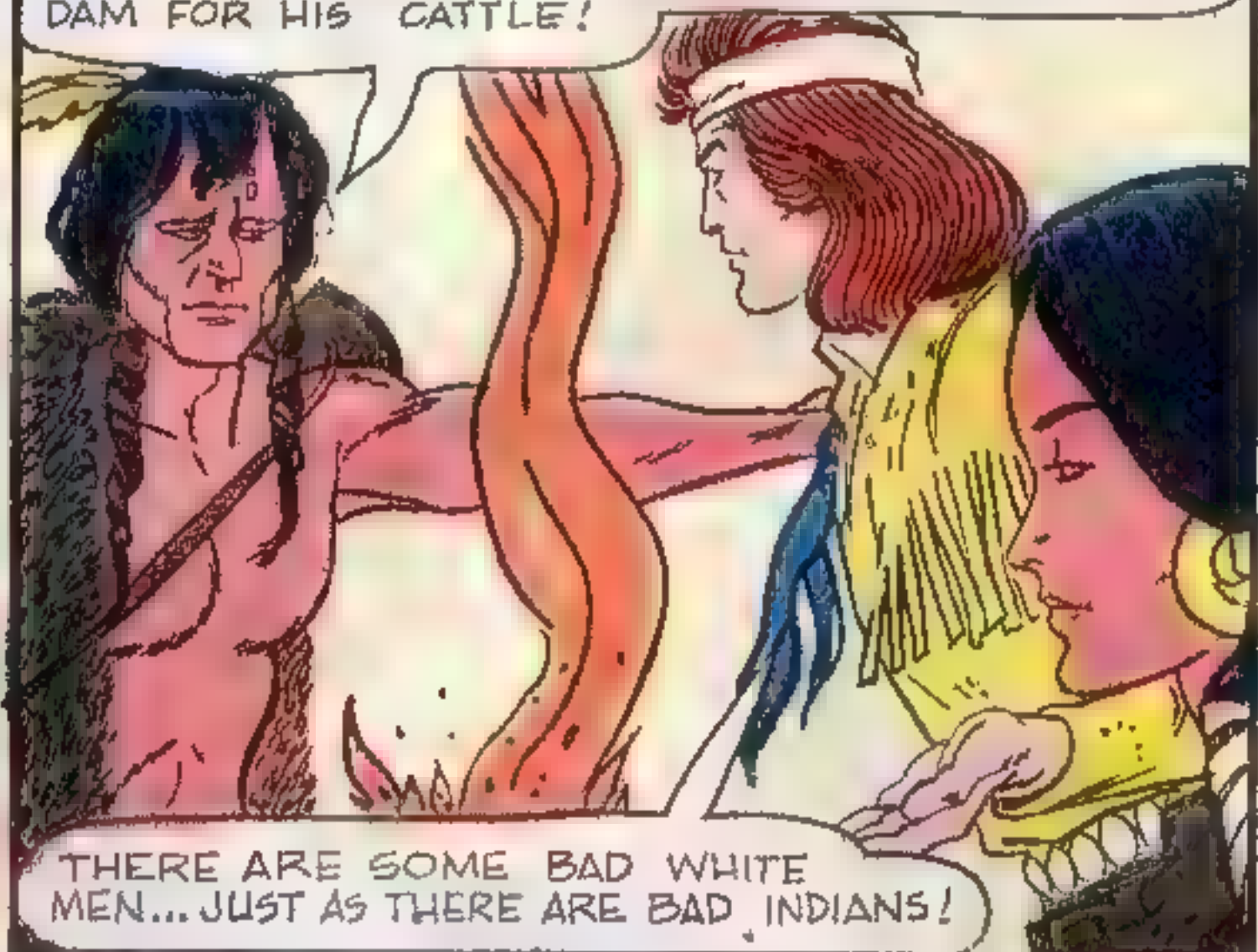
FIGHTING FOX MAKES STRONG SPEECHES ABOUT WAR AGAINST THE WHITES, APACHE COUSIN! THE YOUNG MEN BELIEVE THE THINGS HE SAYS!



I CAN NOT CALL FIGHTING FOX A LIAR, WISE ELDER... MANY THINGS THE WHITE MEN DO ARE BAD! THEY DO SLAUGHTER THE BUFFALO JUST AS FIGHTING FOX HAS SAID....



THE RIVER WHERE WE FISHED IS FULL OF DUST! A RANCHER DYNAMITED THE RIVERBED TO MAKE A DAM FOR HIS CATTLE!



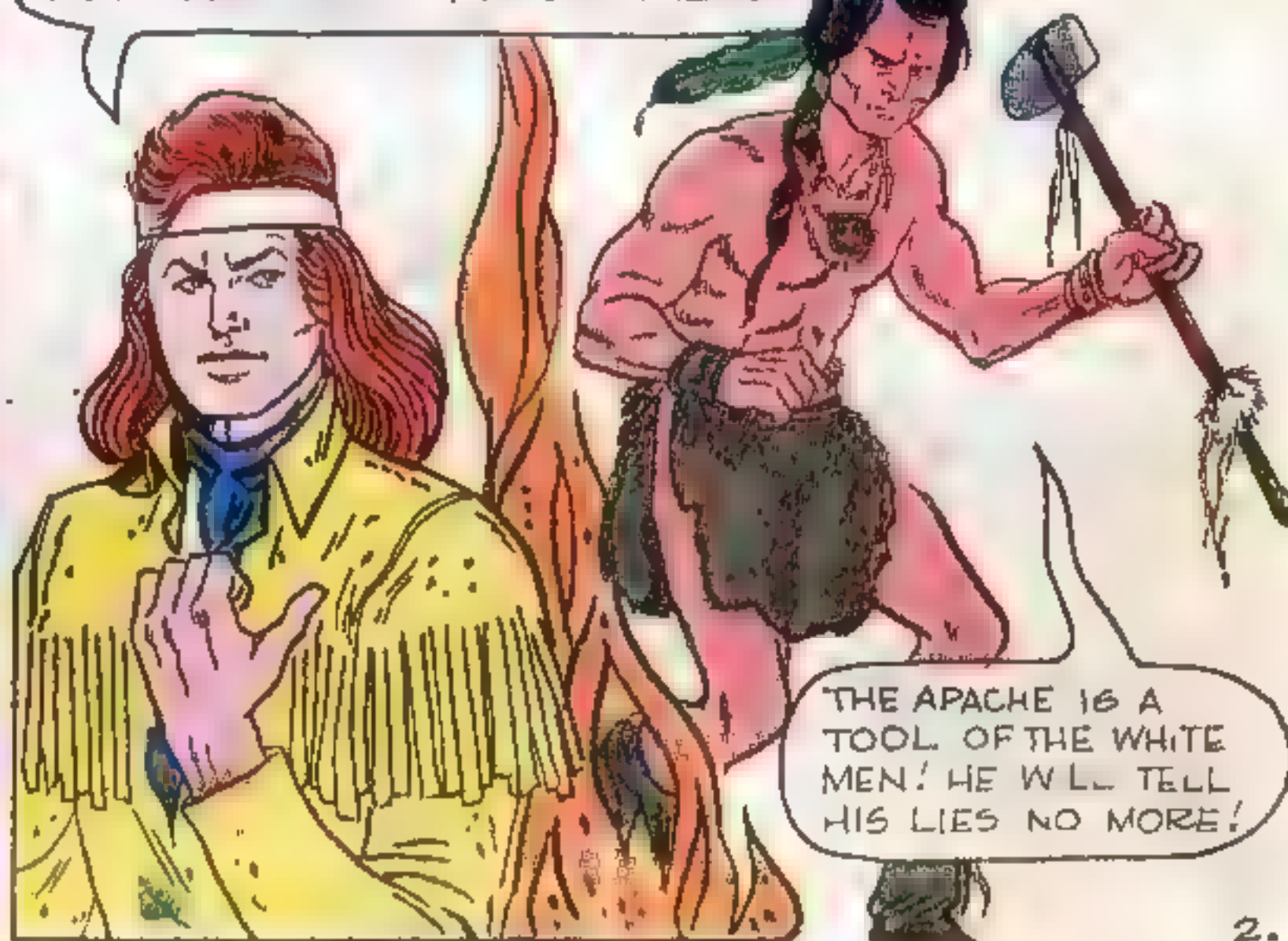
THERE ARE SOME BAD WHITE MEN... JUST AS THERE ARE BAD INDIANS!

WHEN A COMANCHE DOES EVIL THINGS, THE TRIBE PUNISHES HIM! WHEN WHITE MEN DO SUCH THINGS, THEY BECOME RICH!

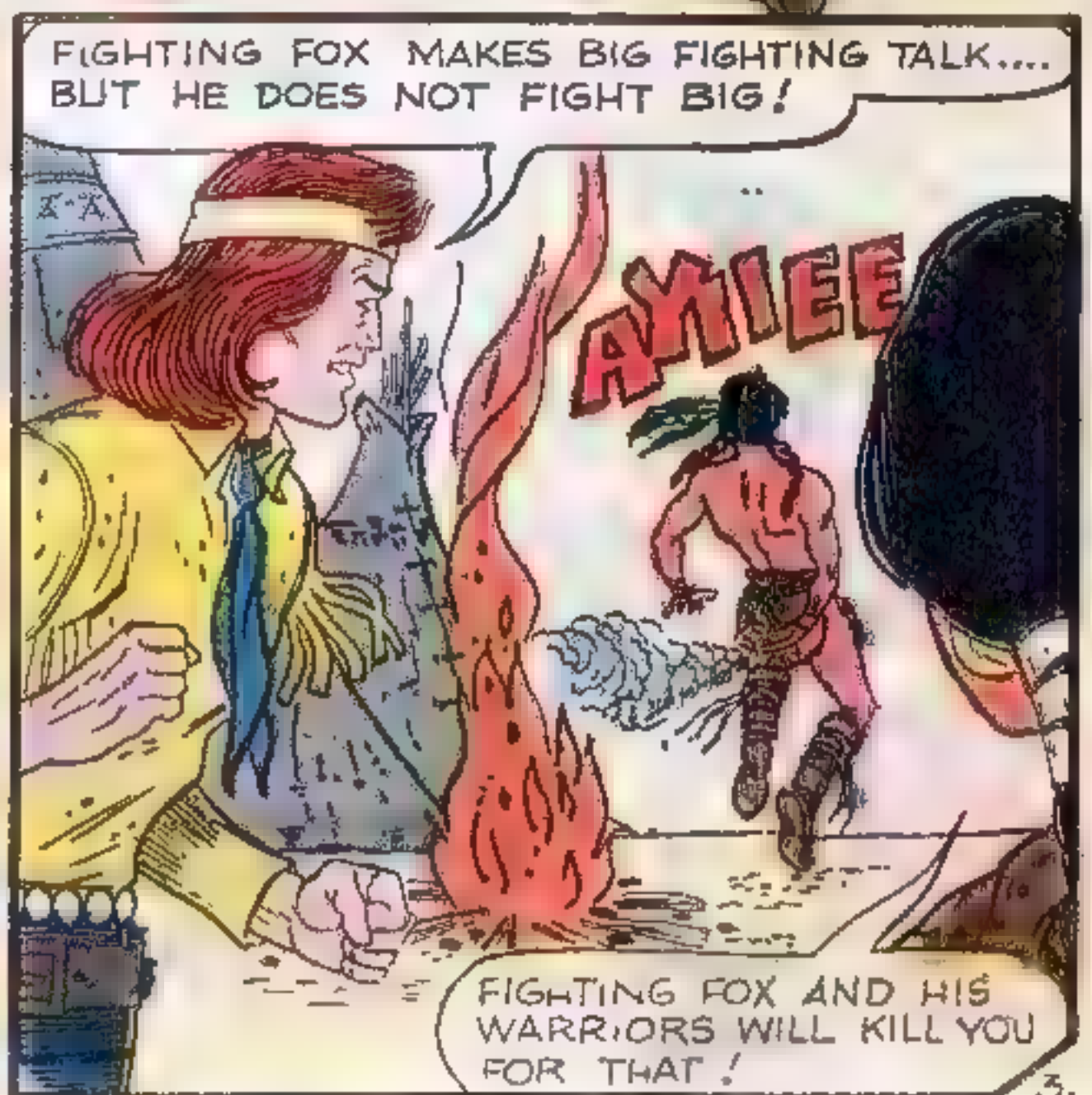
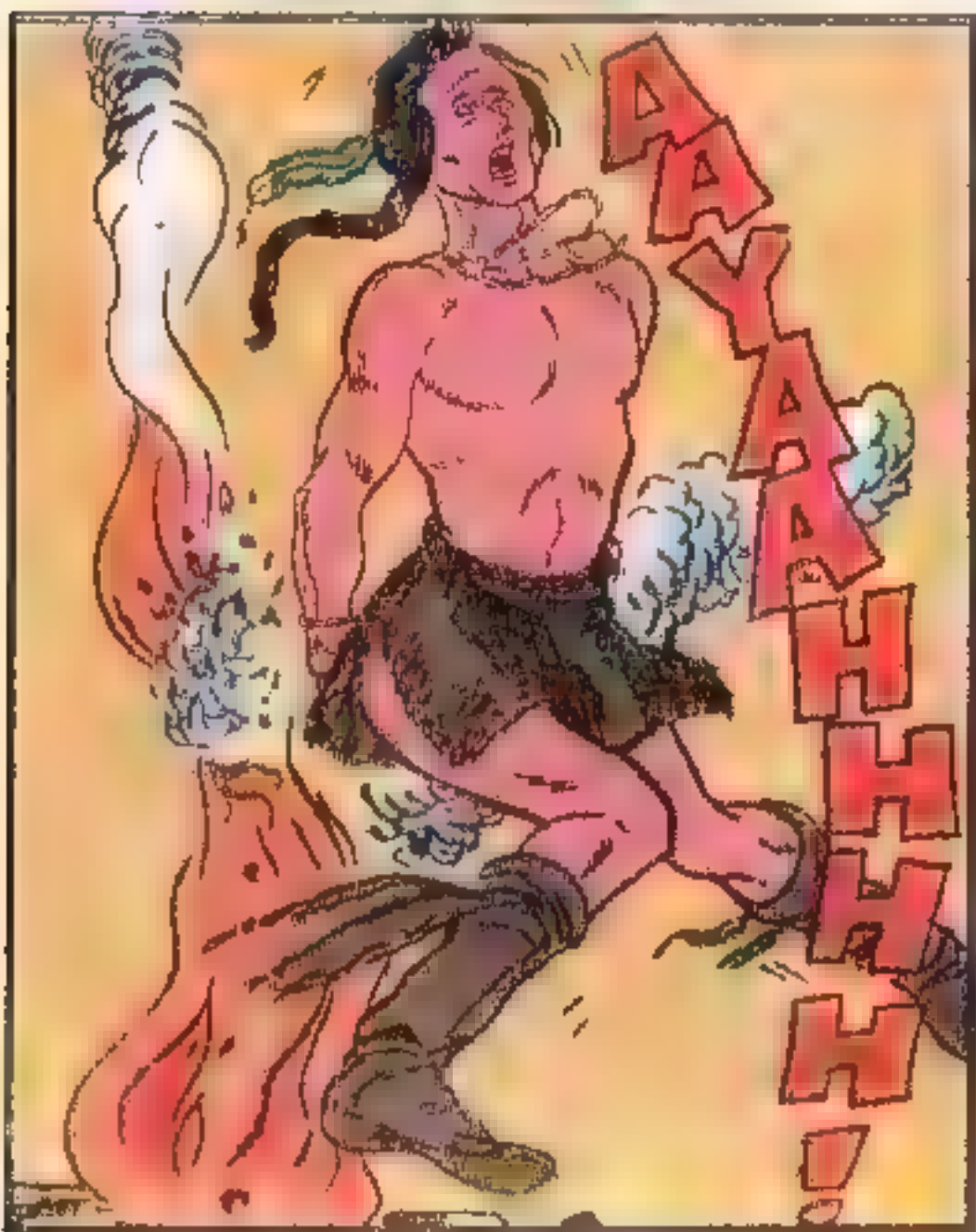
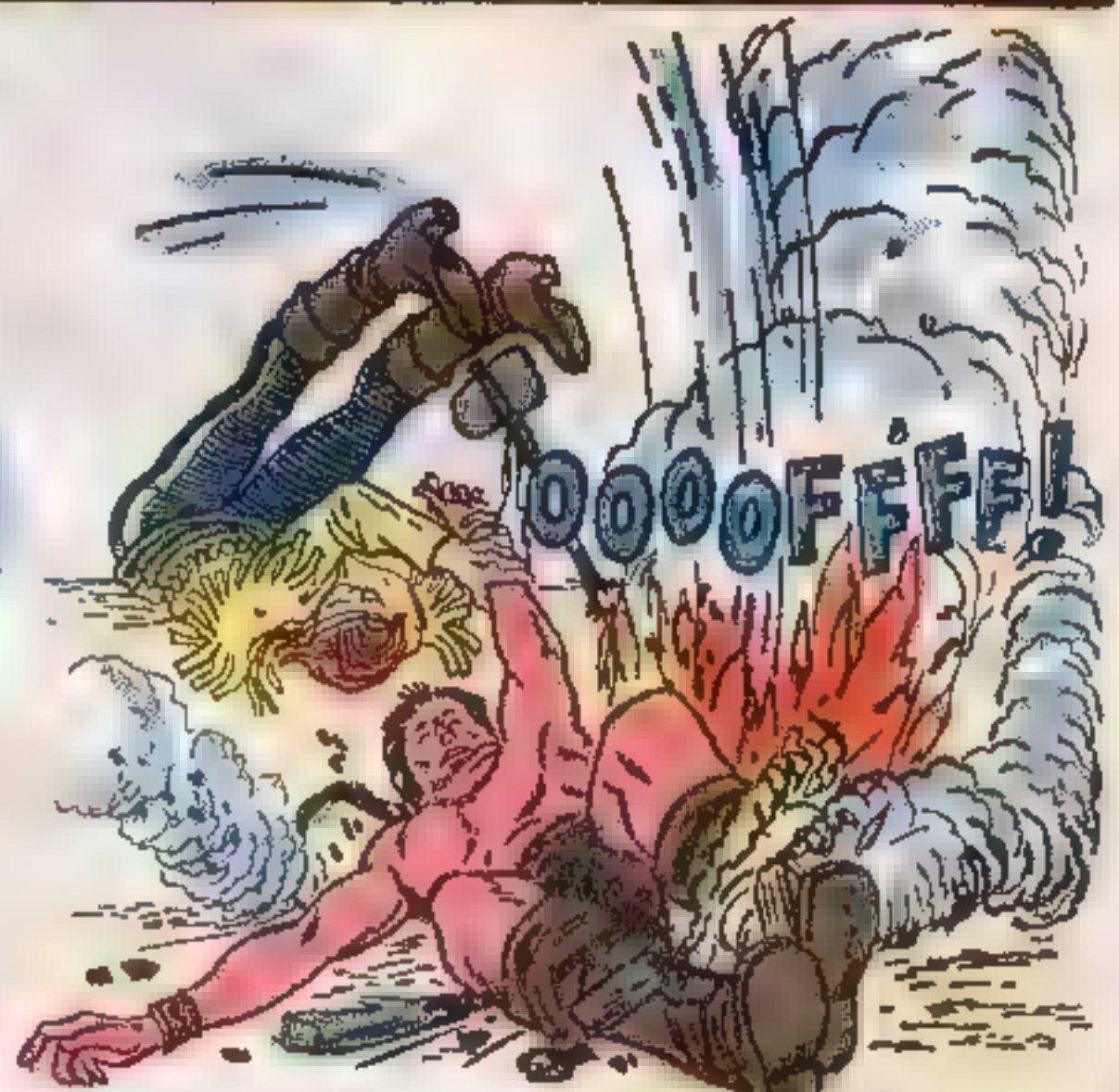
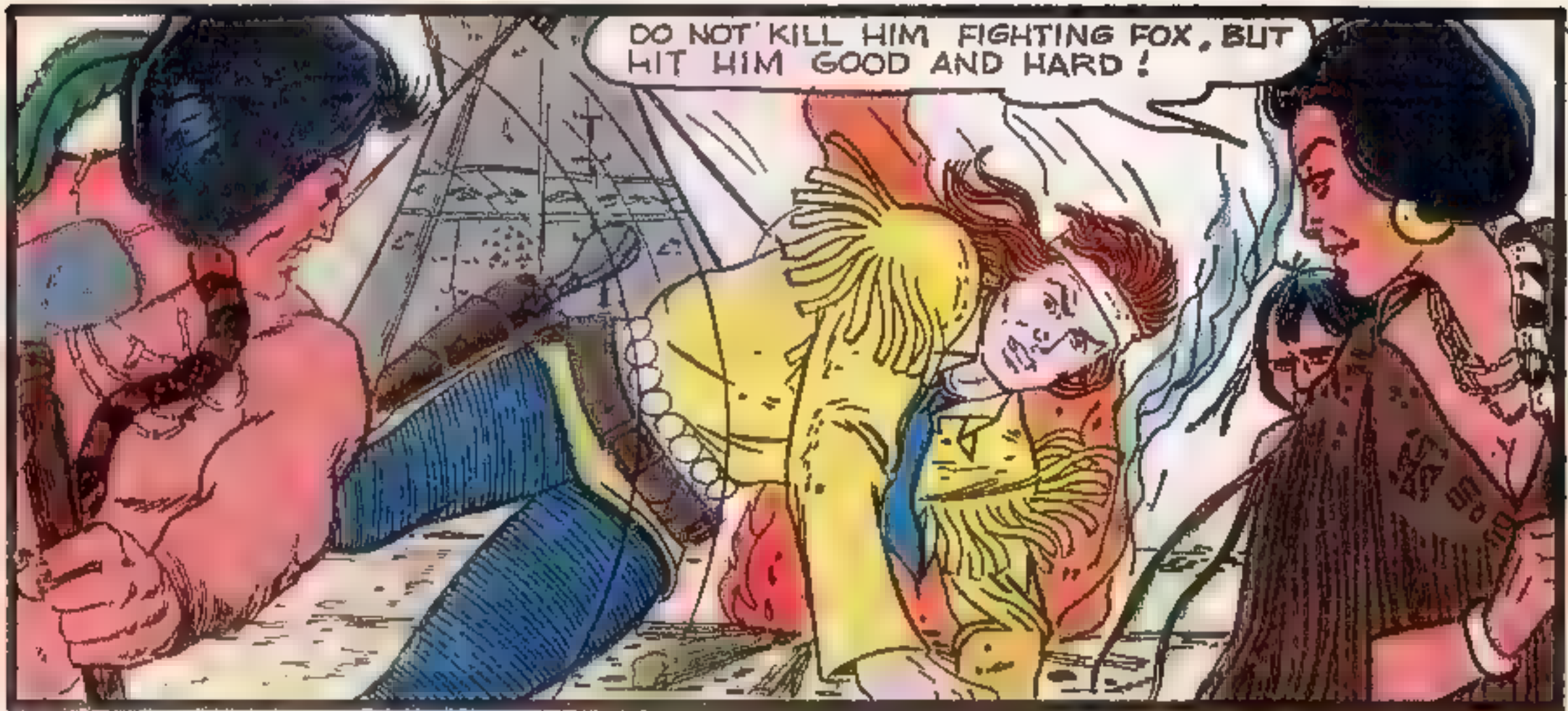


I SEE THAT FIGHTING FOX HAS TAUGHT YOU MUCH ABOUT THE WHITES!

I SAY FIGHTING FOX WANTS TO MAKE WAR WITH THE WHITES! EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS MANY COMANCHE BROTHERS WILL DIE! HE DOES NOT CARE ABOUT HIS BROTHERS!



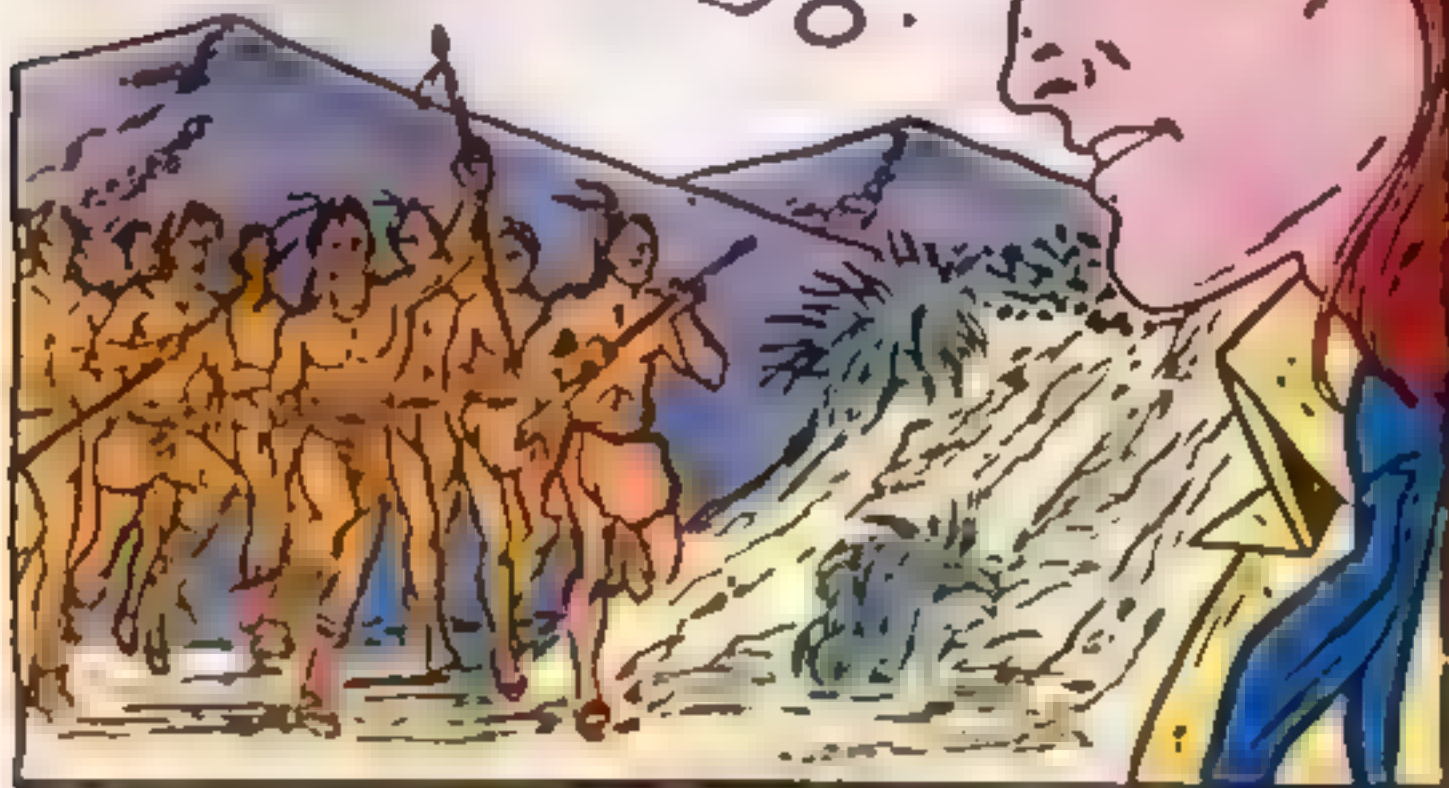
THE APACHE IS A TOOL OF THE WHITE MEN! HE WILL TELL HIS LIES NO MORE!



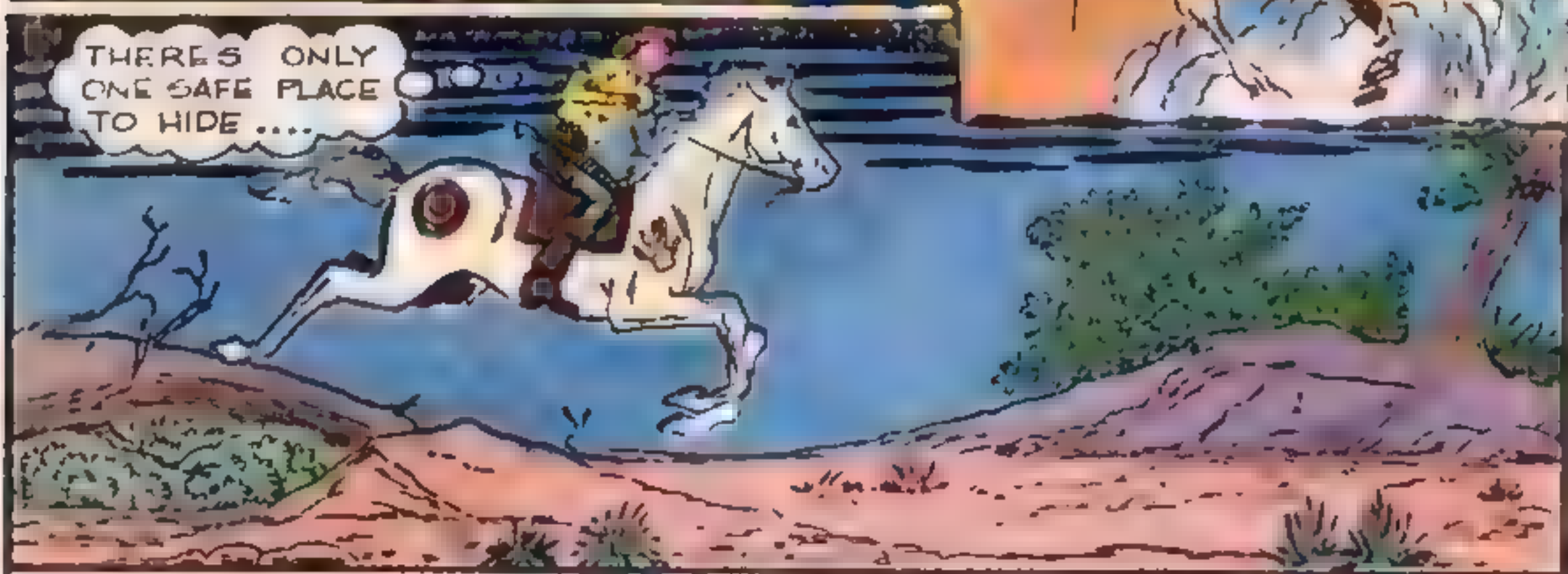
FIGHTING FOX HAD ABOUT TWENTY
YOUNG BRAVES ON HIS SIDE....
THEY CAME RACING AFTER THE
MAN WHO HAD DEFIED THEIR
CHIEF!

THEY'LL TRACK ME DOWN....
NO ONE MAN CAN ESCAPE
TWENTY COMANCHE TRACKERS
IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY!

I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY
FROM THEM!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE SAFE PLACE
TO HIDE



WHEN THEY'RE GONE....
I'LL FIND THAT SAFE PLACE!



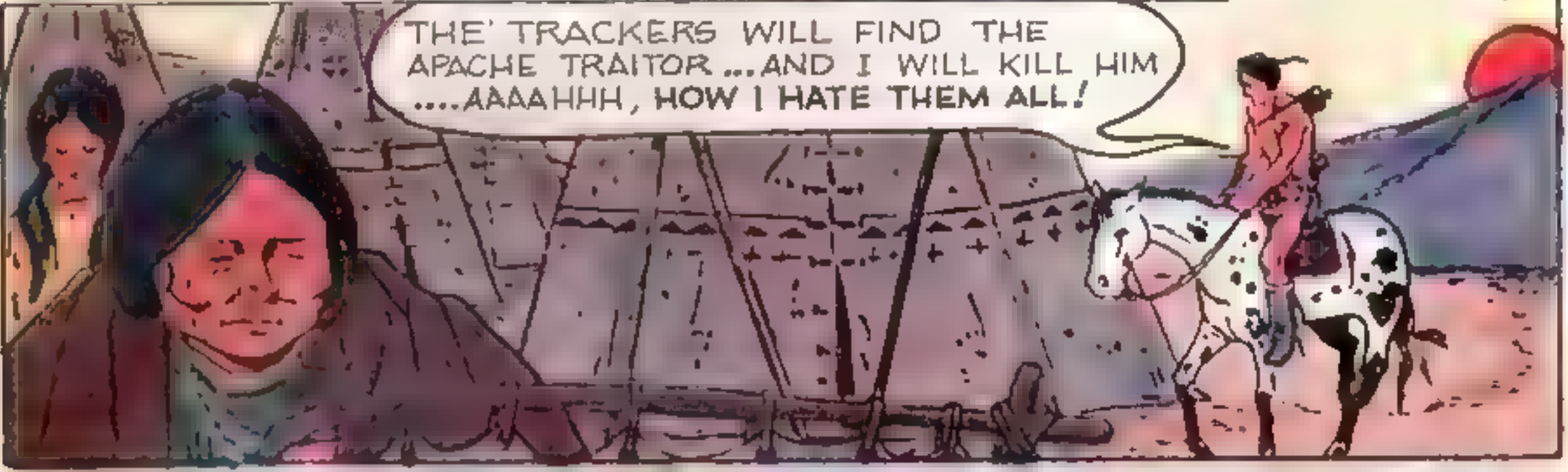
APACHE RED LED HIS APACHE WAR PONY BACK
INTO THE VILLAGE...OTHER PONIES GRAZED OR
SLEPT...RED'S CAYUSE WOULDN'T BE NOTICED!
THEN, HE...WENT STRAIGHT TO FIGHTING FOX'S
TEEPER!

FIGHTING FOX WON'T BE
BACK TILL SUN-UP...I'LL
SLEEP A LITTLE AND RIDE
OUT BEFORE DAWN!



BUT APACHE BOY WAS TIRED HE RELAXED AND SLEPT... TOO LONG!

THE TRACKERS WILL FIND THE APACHE TRAITOR...AND I WILL KILL HIM...AAAAHHH, HOW I HATE THEM ALL!



AAAAHHH... FOR A TIME I FORGOT THE PAIN! I CANNOT EAT, I CANNOT SLEEP...ALL THAT HELPS IS TO HATE AND HATE AND HATE!



THE PAIN IS WORSE THAN AN ARROW IN MY BACK!

FIGHTING FOX IS IN AGONY.... HIS TEETH HURT!



MOVE AND YOU DIE, FIGHTING FOX! YOU ARE MY PRISONER... IF YOU DO AS I SAY, YOU MAY LIVE!

STAY AWAY! THE APACHE CANNOT GUARD ME FOREVER....I WILL KILL HIM SOONER OR LATER!

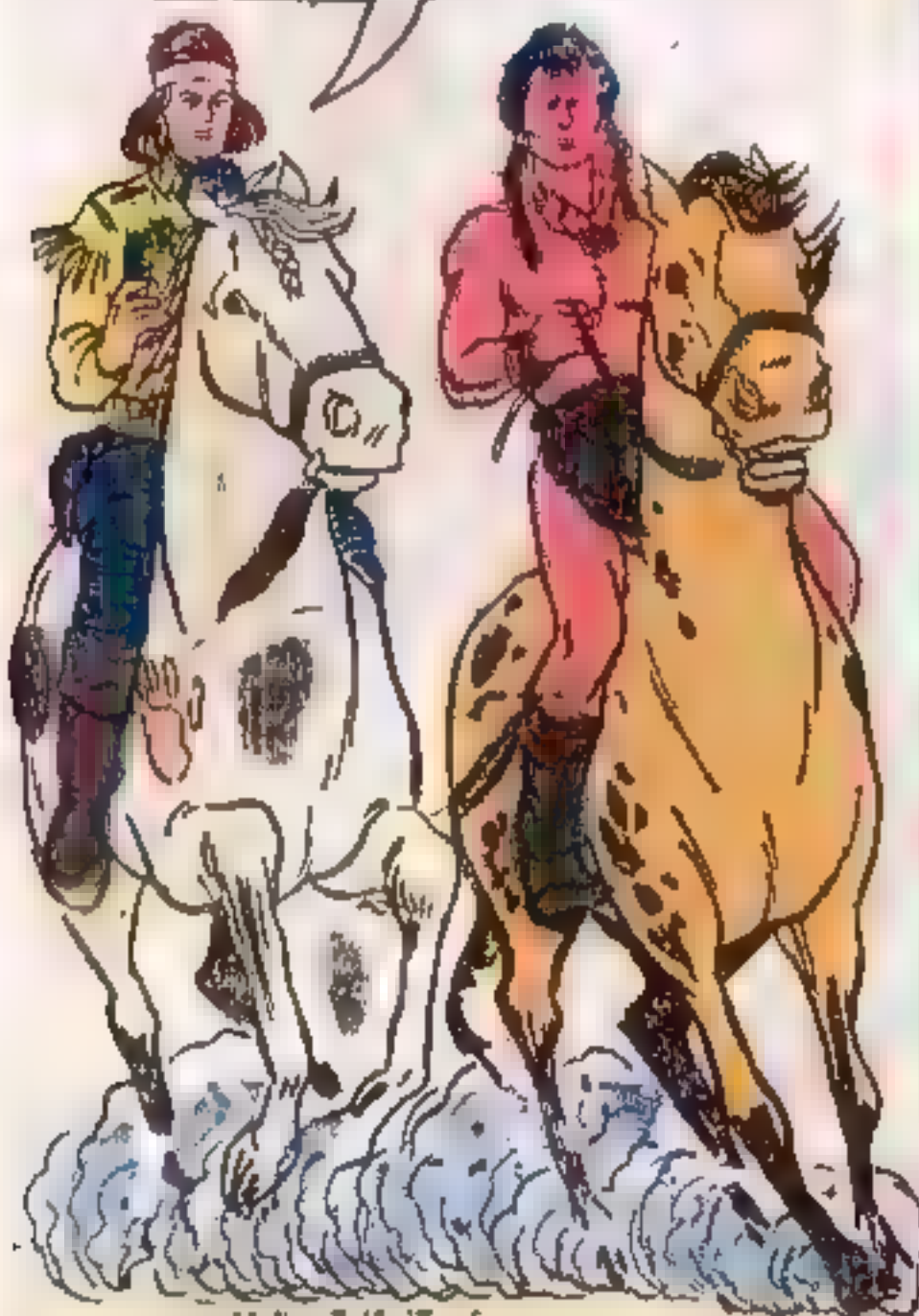


THAT'S REAL SENSIBLE, FIGHTING FOX! GET ON YOUR HORSE!

CLICK

WHEN YOU DIE, APACHE RED,
YOU WILL DIE SLOWLY. I WILL
MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR BEING
HALF WHITE!

YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO
STOP HATING!

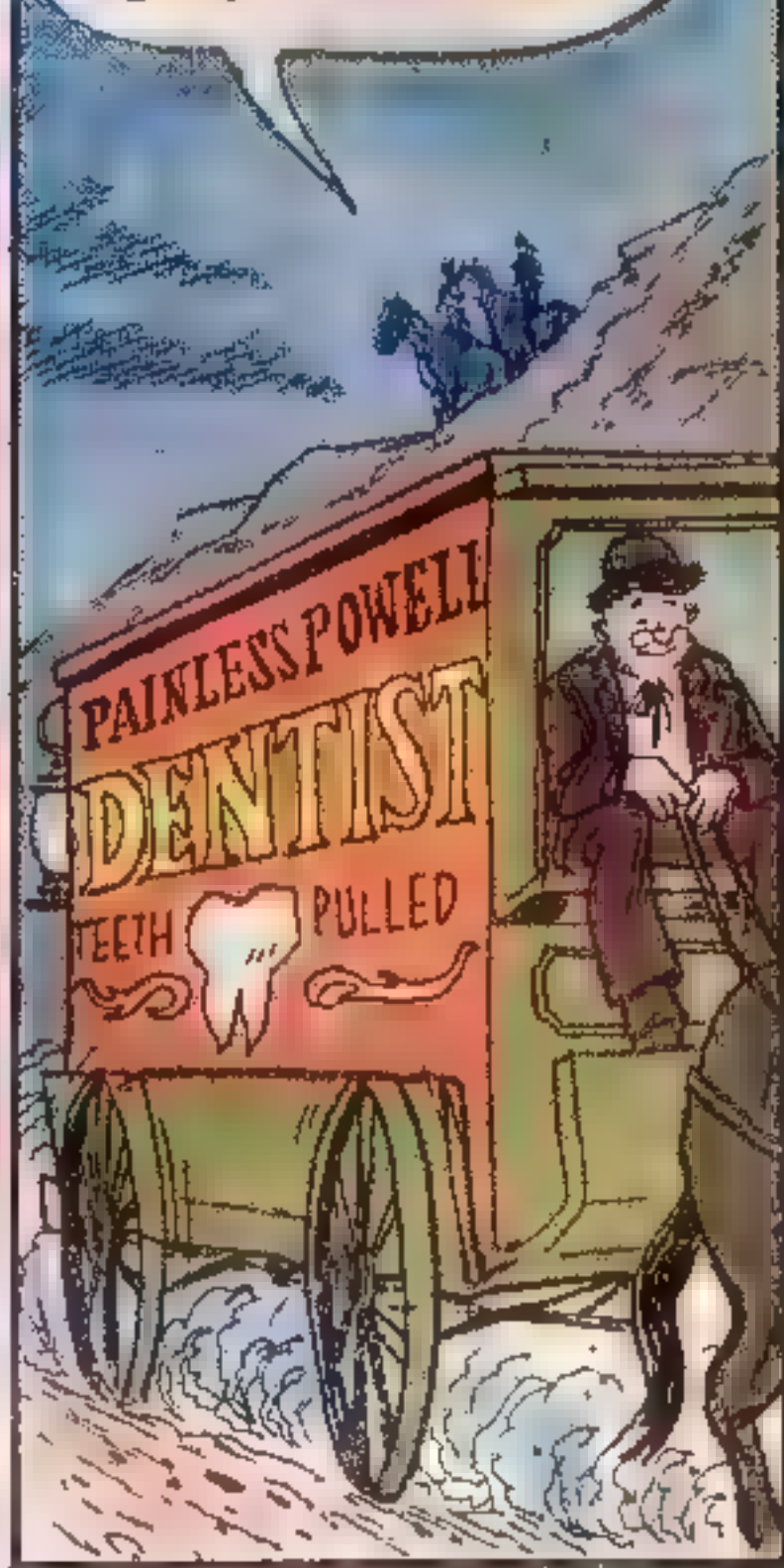


YOUR WORDS
ARE THOSE OF A
FOOL, TRAITOR! I
HATE YOU AND
EVERYONE LIKE YOU!

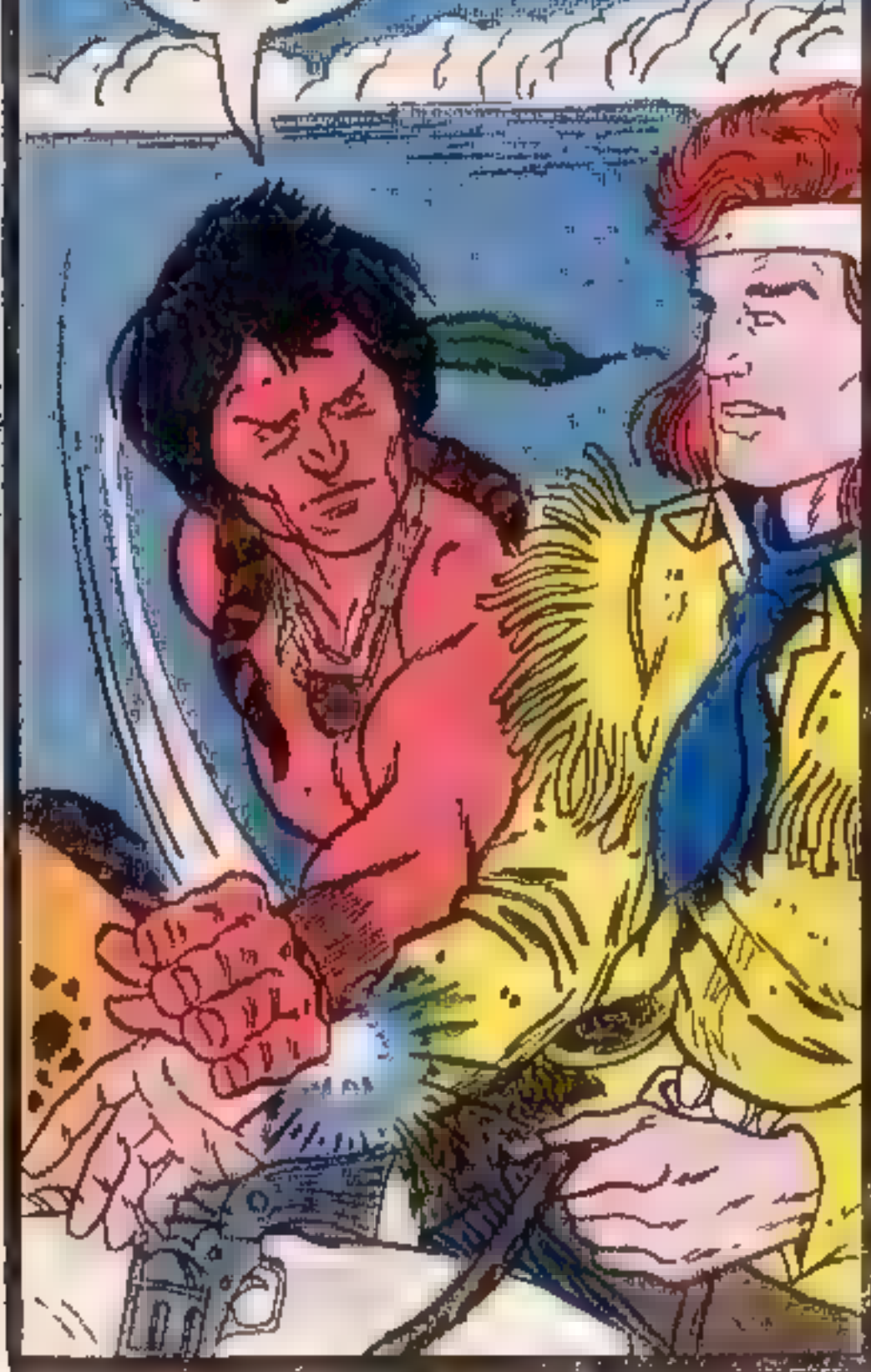


YOU WILL TURN
ME OVER TO THE
WHITES! THEY
WILL HANG ME!

THAT MAN WILL
HELP YOU, FIGHTING
FOX!

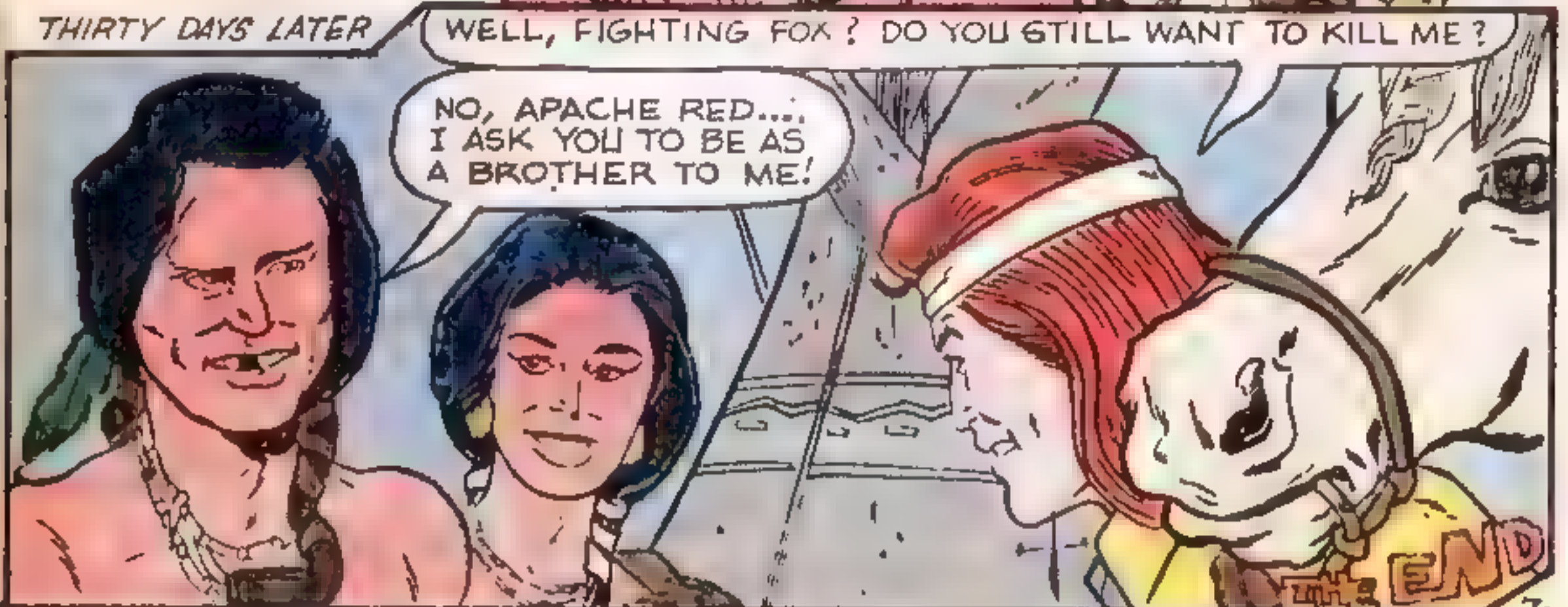
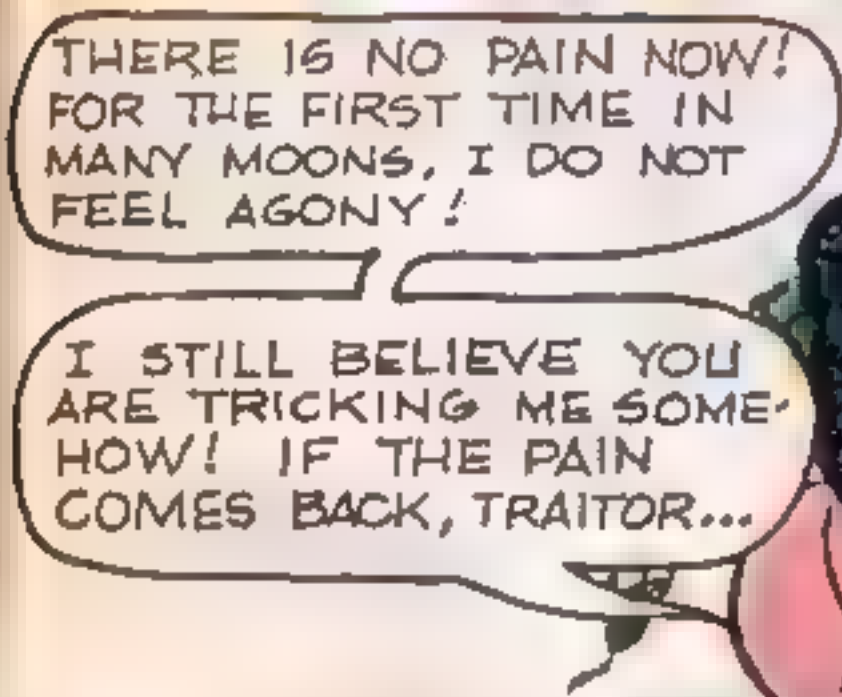
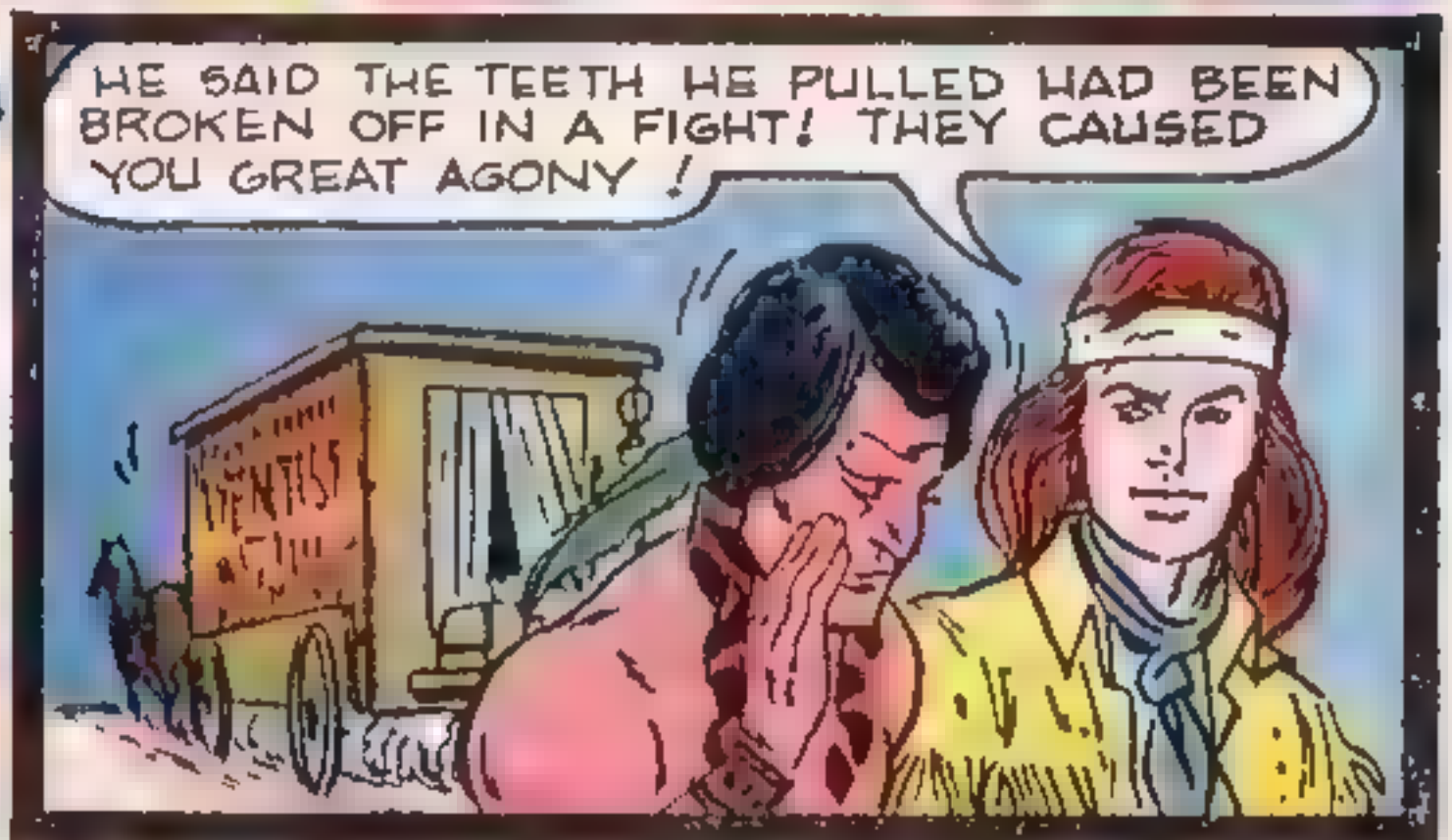
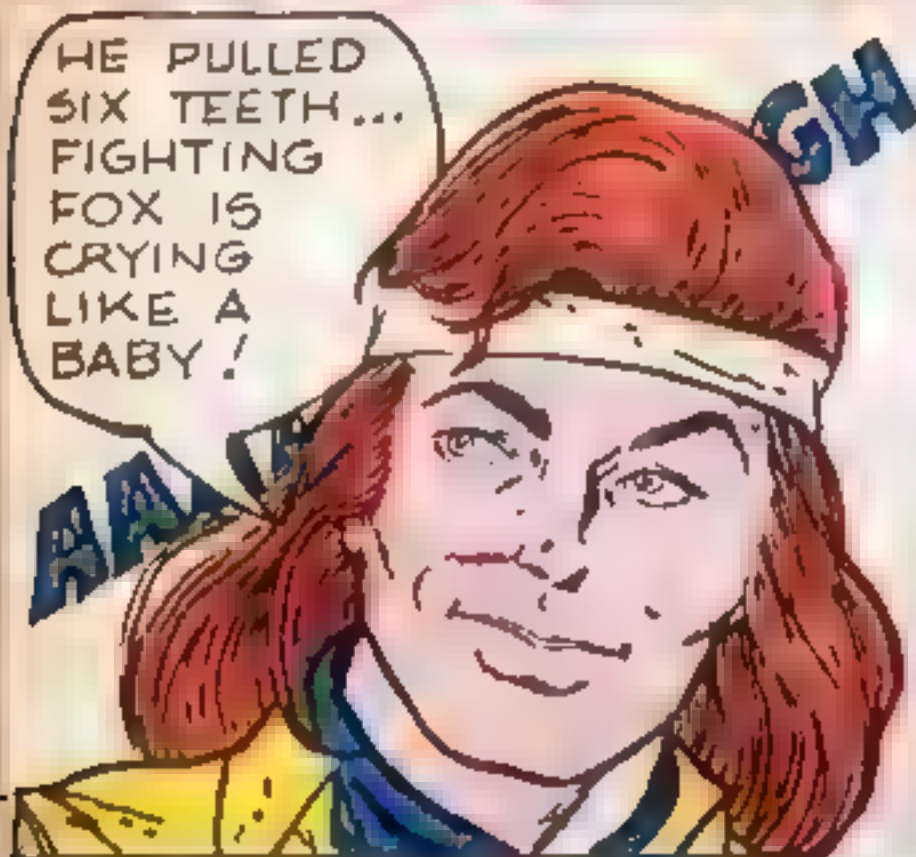
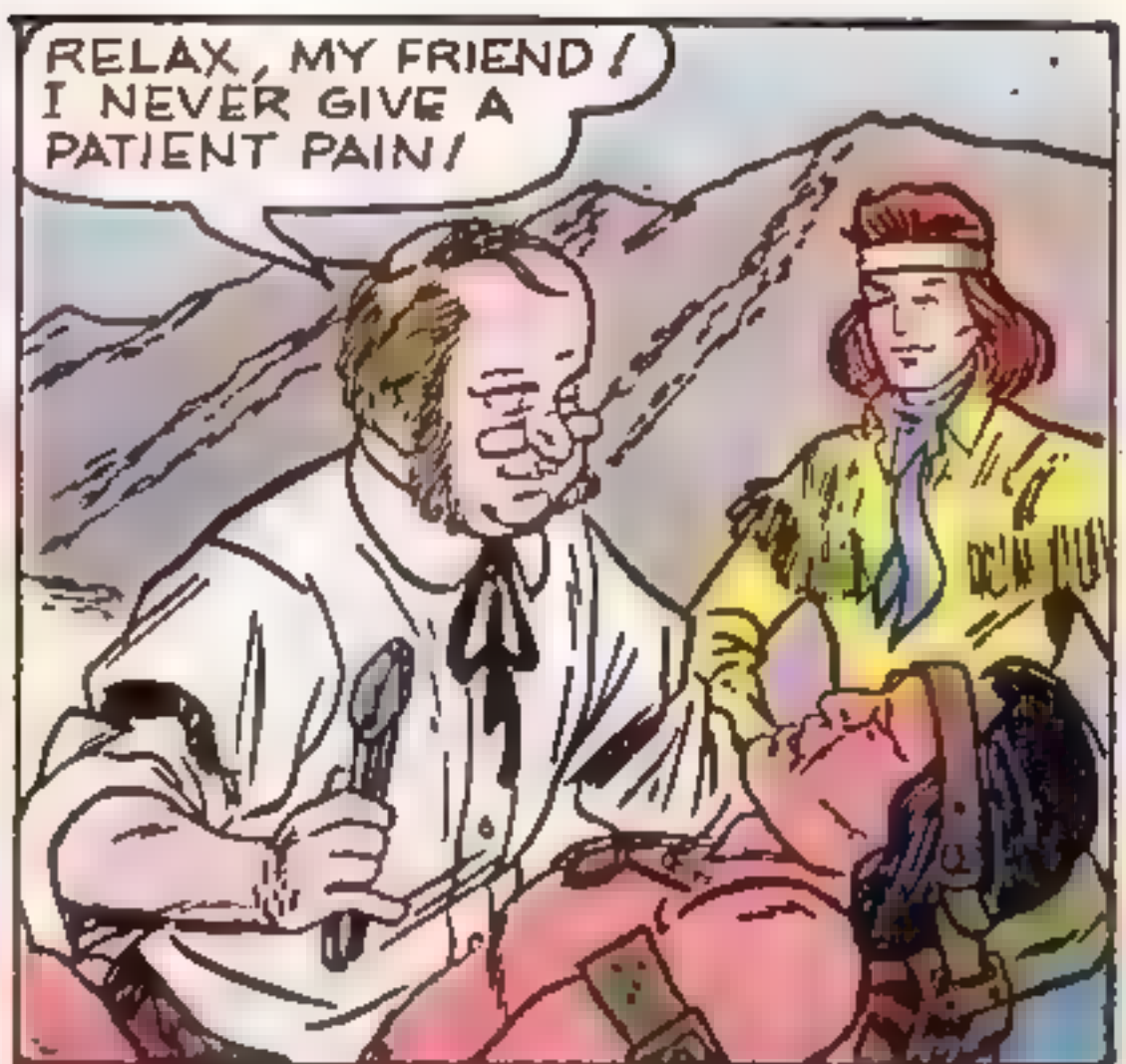


I SAY
NO!



YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE,
FIGHTING FOX!





DOC HOLLIDAY

IN

BRAINS

BETTER

His full name was John Henry Holliday but as long as there are stories and legends alive of the Old West, he will just be remembered as Doc Holliday.

One thing has puzzled writers on the Old West for years. A careful examination of the career of Doc Holliday has shown that for some reason when he seemed to come into conflict with the law, something strange would always happen. Either the law would look the other way or act as though to condone what he did.

We now know that during this period of time he was a detective on the staff of the famous Rocky Mountain Detective Association which was headed by General D. J. Cook. And at the same time he was a sort of secret agent for the railroads and stage companies. Thus, he was working hand-in-hand with the law authorities all the time. This particular episode concerns a call he received from Wyatt Earp in Dodge City. Doc Holliday went to see him at once in the Sheriff's Office.

"Simon Morley asked me to get hold of you in a hurry," said Wyatt Earp. "He is a gambler over at the Silver Dollar Saloon. Wants you to prevent a killing if possible at all. Go see him at once."

Half an hour later, Doc Holliday was seated at a table with Simon Morley in the back of the establishment. The gambler came right to the point.

"I learned that Bill Jenkins was hired by somebody to kill Mac Winslow who owns the big R-K Spread in Montgomery County. Mac is my half brother. We haven't been together for a number of years. Each of us goes his own way and leads his own type of life. Go out and save him if you can. If you are too late, then get his killer. Here is five hundred dollars. The other five hundred when you return."

Four days later, Doc Holliday arrived at Lubbel, which was at that time the seat of business for Montgomery County. He checked in with Sheriff Blanton. The two then rode out to the R-K ranch. And Doc Holliday told of his mission.

"You can't grow up in the West and get places without making enemies," said Mac Winslow. "I can think of at least half a dozen men who would like to see me dead. The latest one is probably Frank Taylor. He tried to shoot me two months ago. I beat him to the draw and he will never use his right hand again. But that doesn't say he hired a deadly killer like Bill Jenkins to finish me off. You tell me what to do, and I'll do it. I have enough cowboys here to take care of anything or anybody."

"Just go ahead the way you normally do things," suggested Doc Holliday. "Let me find Bill Jenkins. Before he finds you."

Two days later, Bill Jenkins rode into town. He went to the local drinking and gambling establishment. Doc Holliday was passing the time away playing poker and winning when the noted killer arrived. Both men knew each other. Doc Holliday left the table and soon was speaking to Bill Jenkins.

"Suppose the two of us step outside. I am being well paid to kill you. Maybe more than you are getting to kill Mac Winslow. Who is paying you for that job?"

"Crazy thing about it," replied Bill Jenkins, "Is that I don't know for whom I am working. All I know is that in my hotel room back in Dodge City I found an envelope. With ten new one hundred dollar bills in it. Also telling me what to do. And informing me that when I finished the job to come back to Dodge City. I would get paid another thousand."

"Got one or two of those bills on you?" asked Doc Holliday. "Funny thing. I got five new one hundred dollar bills. Let me look at the serial numbers."

There was one long smile on Doc Holliday's face as he looked and compared serial numbers.

"I would say we have the same boss. Beginning to add up. Come with me for a ride to your intended victim, and maybe he can shed some light on all of this."

They rode out to the ranch. Doc Holliday asked Mac Winslow but one question.

"Would your half brother have a motive for wanting you killed? He hired a killer to get you. Then me to get the killer. So there could never be any trace back to him."

"I never thought of it," sighed the ranch owner. "If I die unmarried he gets all of the ranch according to the terms of our father's will. And I am getting married next month."

P.S.: Simon Morley got what was coming to him!

THAN

BULLETS

EDITOR: GEORGE WILDMAN
STORY: JOE GILL
ART: SAN HO KIM

THE RESCUER

THERE WAS SHY FAWN,
SIOUX CHIEF RED
BUTTE'S DAUGHTER....
THE APPLE OF HIS EYE!

ONLY STRONG,
GOOD MAN
MARRY SHY FAWN...
PAY MANY
PONIES!

THE CHEYENNE KID,
LIKE OTHERS WHO'D SEEN SHY
FAWN, ADMIRER HER
VERY MUCH.....

A DOZEN
WARRIORS HAVE
ASKED CHIEF
RED BUTTE
FOR HER...
HE REFUSED
THEM ALL!

ONLY ONE MAN WHO ADMIRER SHY FAWN DID NOT COME FORMALLY TO HER FATHER AND OFFER MANY PONIES. HE WAS POOR. HE HAD NO PONIES TO GIVE. AND HE WAS A PAUTE. HIS TRIBE WAS AT WAR WITH THE SIOUX. DID THE PAUTE, RUNNING BULL, PROPOSED MARRIAGE A DIFFERENT WAY ... HE JUST ADMIRER SHY FAWN!

FATHER,
HELP ME!

IT'S A PAUTE,
CHIEF....
HE'S GOT SHY FAWN!



IT SEEMED LIKE A FOOLHARDY ATTEMPT.
THE MAGNIFICENTLY MOUNTED SIOUX WARRIORS WOULD
EASILY RUN DOWN A PAUTE PONY CARRYING DOUBLE. . .

YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE, PAUTE...

YOUR SIOUX
WARRIORS WILL NOT
CATCH ME.
SHY FAWN. . . .
I RIDE TOWARD THE
RED CLIFFS. . .

THE PAUTE IS RIDING TOWARD
THE CANYON. . . . HE'LL
LOSE HIS PONY. . . . WE'LL
CATCH HIM!

THE TRAIL WOUND UPWARD THROUGH THICK,
DRY BRUSH. . . . HERE, RUNNING BULL CHECKED HIS
HORSE AND DISMOUNTED? SHY FAWN STOOD HAUGHTILY,
DISDAINING TO RUN. . . .

YOU THINK TO TRICK MY FATHER'S
PEOPLE? YOU ARE A FOOL!

PERHAPS... BUT IF I GET A
WITH YOU. . . .

... I SHALL TEACH YOU
HOW A PAUTE WOMAN
ADDRESSES HER
HUSBAND!

THE RAGING SIOUX WHIPPED THEIR PONIES AT TOP SPEED.....
BUT JUST AS THEY REACHED THE ONLY WAY TO THE TOP OF THE
CLIFFS, THE CANYON ERUPTED IN SEARING FLAMES!

THE PAIUTE
WOMAN-
STEALER
HAS
OUTWITTED
US!

PRETTY
SMART...

WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE TEN
MILES NORTH TO FIND
A WAY UP THE CLIFFS....
HE'LL BE LONG GONE
AND HIDDEN HIS
TRACKS BY THEN!

YOU ARE GOOD
TRACKER, CHEYENNE....
YOUR PONY IS FAST.....
FIND RUNNING BULL...
SAVE SHY FAWN!

I'LL DO MY BEST,
CHIEF RED BUTTE!

RUNNING BULL BROKE A BIG TABOO
WHEN HE STOLE SHY FAWN....
TAKING A MAIDEN
AGAINST HER WILL IS
PUNISHED BY DEATH!

AT THE ANNUAL BUFFALO
HUNT TWO MOONS AGO,
RUNNING BULL SAW THE GIRL...
HE PROBABLY BEGAN
PLANNING THIS THEN!

I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL TAKE HER
TO THE PAIUTE CAMP.....
RUNNING BULL WILL FORCE
HER TO MARRY HIM...

YOU WERE SO CERTAIN MY
SIOUX BROTHERS COULD
NOT CATCH US!

HE IS NOT A SIOUX...
IT IS THE CHEYENNE
ARMY SCOUT....

LET ME GO
AND THEY
WILL SPARE
YOU LIFE,
RUNNING BULL!

I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE FOR YOU, SHY FAWN!
I MUST TIE YOU.... SO WHEN I FIGHT CHEYENNE,
YOU WILL NOT RUN AWAY!

DO NOT TIE
ME, RUNNING BULL!

SOON I WILL RELEASE
YOU.... AND TAKE YOU TO
MY PEOPLE!

COME NO CLOSER
OR SHE DIES,
CHEYENNE!

YOU WON'T KILL HER, RUNNING BULL! I HAVE KNOWN YOU MANY
SPRINGS... YOU ARE STRONG... AND YOU DO NOT KILL
WOMEN!

I WILL KILL YOU IF I MUST, CHEYENNE!
TURN... RIDE AWAY WHILE YOU CAN!

NO, PAIUTE...
I WILL FIGHT YOU
FOR THE GIRL!

KNIVES WOULD BE THEIR WEAPON... THE CHEYENNE KID RIPPED OFF HIS SHIRT, DISCARDED HIS HAT, AND HE WAS READY...

LET ME GO, RUNNING BULL! PLEASE... UNTIE ME!

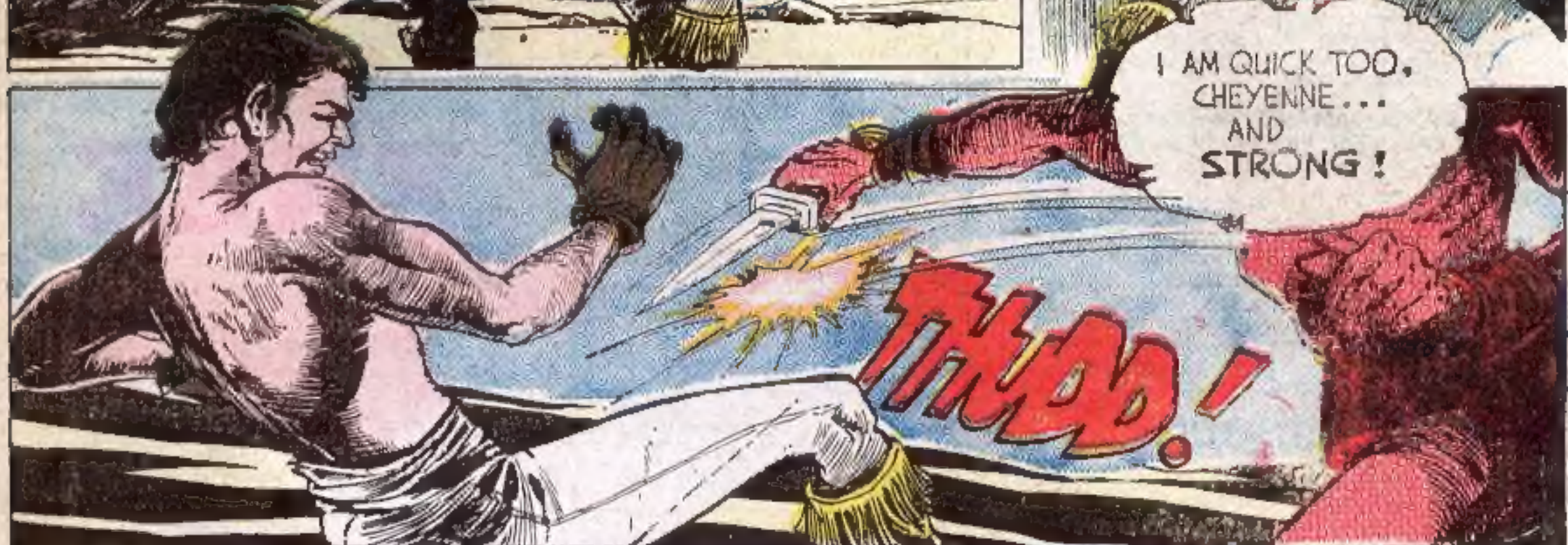
YOU HEAR HER, KIDNAPER OF WOMEN... SHE CRIES FOR RELEASE!

I WILL END IT QUICKLY, PAIUTE



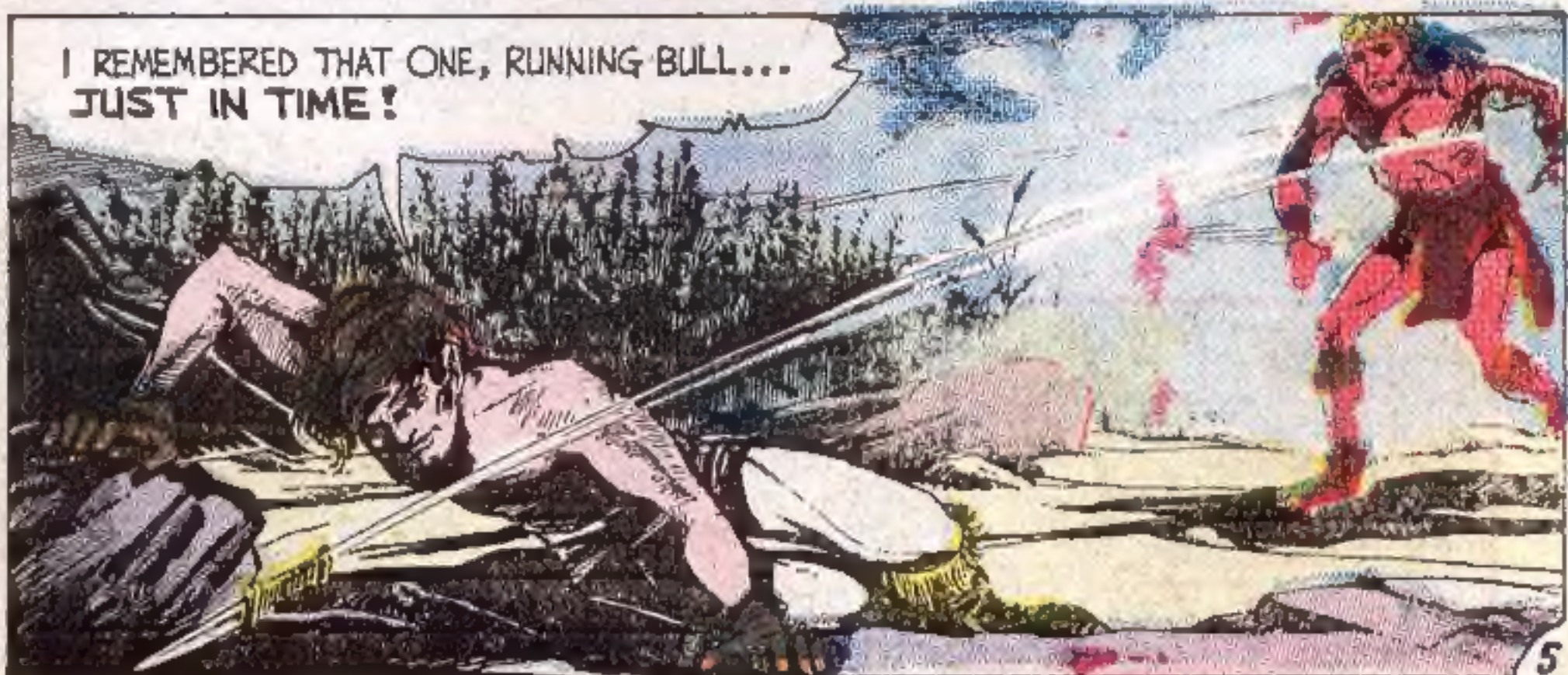
CHEYENNE FORGETS QUICKLY!

HE WON'T KEEP MISSING FOREVER!



RUNNING BULL'S KNIFE FLASHED THROUGH THE AIR... AND THE CHEYENNE KID TWISTED ASIDE AT THE LAST SECOND...

I REMEMBERED THAT ONE, RUNNING BULL... JUST IN TIME!



5
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



YOU DON'T KNOW THIS ONE, PAUTE!

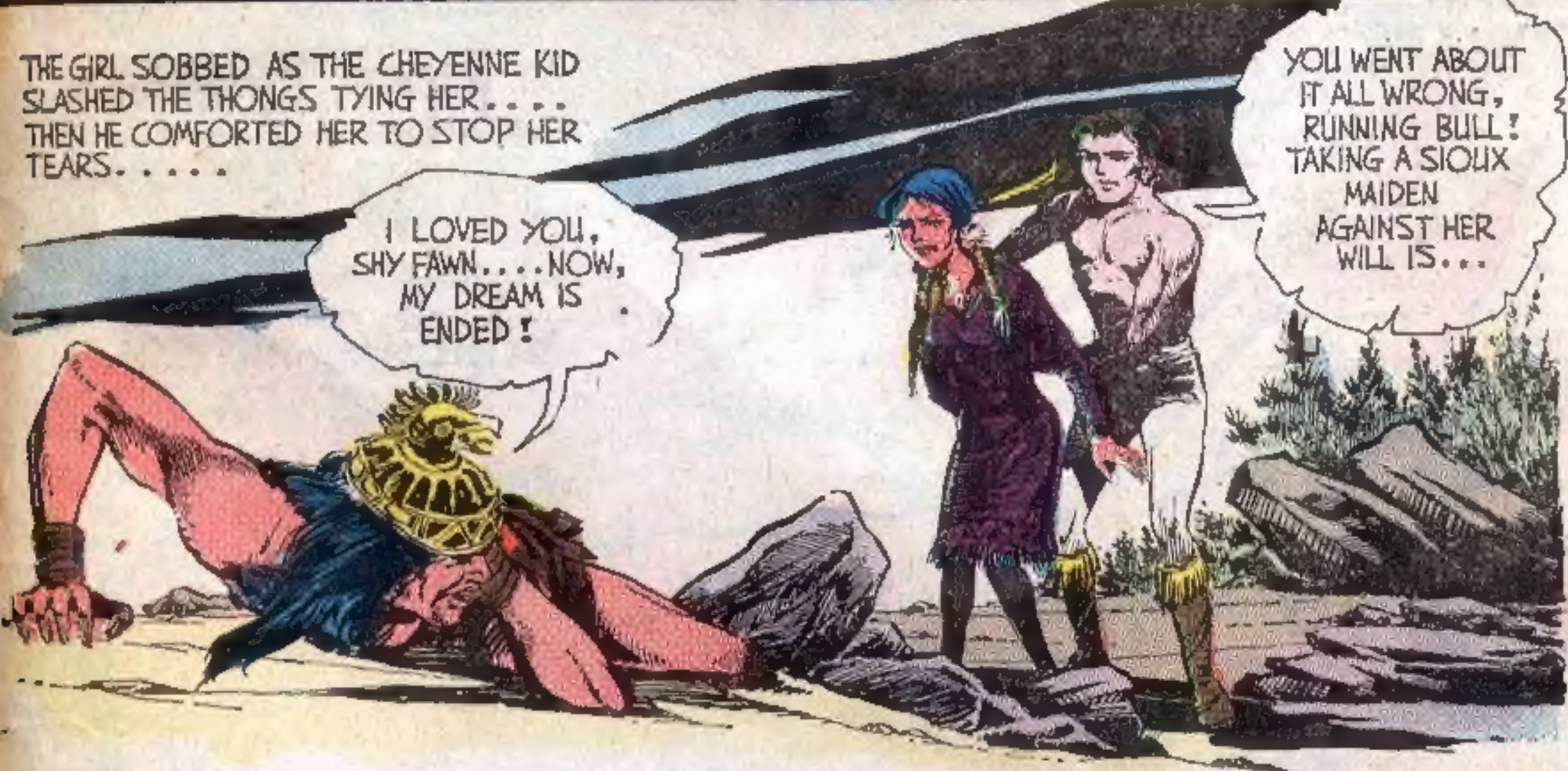
CUT ME LOOSE... PLEASE, CHEYENNE... FREE ME!

PLEASE, CHEYENNE COUSIN... UNTIE MY HANDS!

NOW, I WILL, SHY FAWN!



THE GIRL SOBBED AS THE CHEYENNE KID SLASHED THE THONGS TYING HER... THEN HE COMFORTED HER TO STOP HER TEARS....



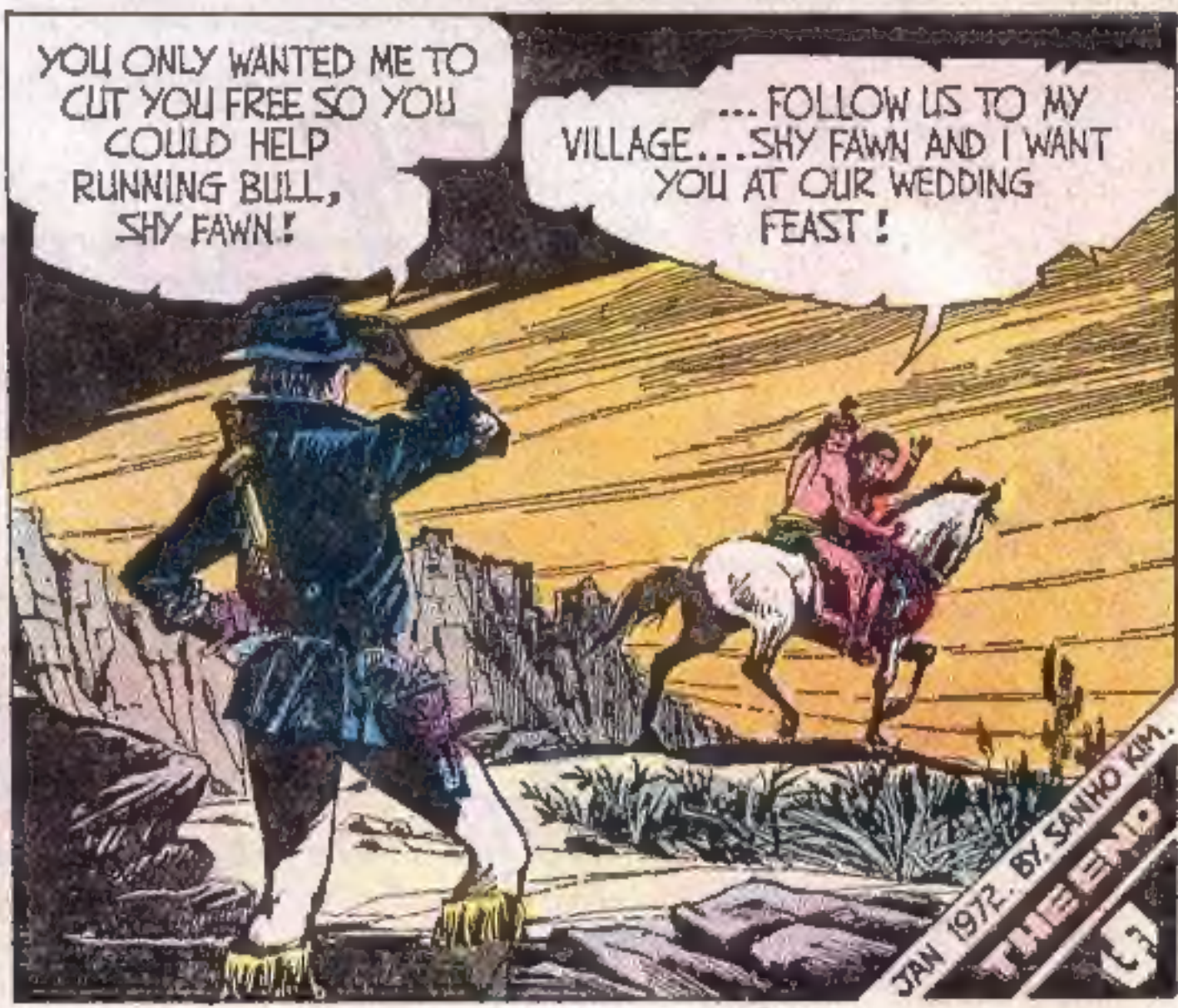
I LOVED YOU, SHY FAWN... NOW, MY DREAM IS ENDED!

YOU WENT ABOUT IT ALL WRONG, RUNNING BULL! TAKING A SIOUX MAIDEN AGAINST HER WILL IS...



IT IS NOT AGAINST MY WILL CHEYENNE... I WISH TO MARRY RUNNING BULL... I WILL SHOOT YOU IF YOU TRY TO STOP US!

HUH?



YOU ONLY WANTED ME TO CUT YOU FREE SO YOU COULD HELP RUNNING BULL, SHY FAWN!

... FOLLOW US TO MY VILLAGE... SHY FAWN AND I WANT YOU AT OUR WEDDING FEAST!